CHILDREN'S BOOK
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LOS ANGELES

FRONTISPIECE. Vol.

F.E. del. J. Neagle

—— and they were all three eagerly blowing bubbles and watching them mount into the air.

Page

Fanny Edgeworth
with her sister Maria's love

THE BASKET-WOMAN, THE WHITE PIGEON, THE ORPHANS, WASTE NOT, WANT NOT, FORGIVE AND FORGET,

BEING THE FIFTH VOLUME

OF

THE PARENT'S ASSISTANT,

OR

STORIES FOR CHILDREN.

By MARIA EDGEWORTH,
AUTHOR OF PRACTICAL EDUCATION, AND LETTERS FOR LITERARY LADIES.

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1800.

THE BASKET-WOMAN.

" Toute leur étude étoit de ſe complaire et " de s'entr'aider."

PAUL & VIRGINIE.

Their whole ſtudy was how to pleaſe and to help one another.

AT the foot of a ſteep, ſlippery, white hill, near Dunſtable in Bedfordſhire, called Chalk Hill, there is a hut, or rather a hovel, which travellers would ſcarcely ſuppoſe could be inhabited, if they did not ſee the ſmoke riſing from its peaked roof. An old woman lives in this hovel, and with her a little boy and girl, the children of a beggar, who died and left theſe orphans periſhing with hunger: they thought themſelves very happy the

firſt time the good old woman took them into her hut, bid them warm themſelves at her ſmall fire, and gave them a cruſt of mouldy bread to eat: ſhe had not much to give; but what ſhe had ſhe gave with good-will. She was very kind to theſe poor children, and worked hard at her ſpinning-wheel, and at her knitting, to ſupport herſelf and them. She earned money alſo in another way: ſhe uſed to follow all the carriages as they went up Chalk-hill; and when the horſes ſtopped to take breath, or to reſt themſelves, ſhe put ſtones behind the carriage-wheels, to prevent them from rolling backwards down the ſteep ſlippery hill.

The little boy and girl loved to ſtand beſide the good-natured old woman's ſpinning-wheel, when ſhe was ſpinning, and to talk to her. At theſe times ſhe taught them ſomething, which, ſhe ſaid, ſhe hoped they would remember all their lives: ſhe explained to them what

is meant by telling the truth, and what it is to be honeſt: ſhe taught them to diſlike idleneſs, and to wiſh that they could be uſeful.

One evening, as they were ſtanding beſide her, the little boy ſaid to her, "Grandmother,"—for that was the name by which ſhe liked that theſe children ſhould call her—"Grandmother, how often you are forced to get up from your ſpinning-wheel, and to follow the chaiſes and coaches up that ſteep hill, to put ſtones under the wheels, to hinder them from rolling back: the people who are in the carriages give you a half-penny or a penny for doing this, don't they?"—"Yes, child."—"But it is very hard work for you to go up and down that hill; you often ſay that you are tired, and then you know that you cannot ſpin all that time; now if we might go up the hill, and put the ſtones behind the

wheels, you could ſit ſtill at your work; and would not the people give us the halfpence? and could not we bring them all to you? Do, pray dear grand-mother, try us for one day—To-morrow, will you?"—"Yes," ſaid the old woman, "I will try what you can do; but I muſt go up the hill along with you for the two or three firſt times, for fear you ſhould get yourſelves hurt." So the next day the little boy and girl went with their grand-mother, as they uſed to call her, up the ſteep hill; and ſhe ſhewed the boy how to prevent the wheels from rolling back, by putting ſtones behind them; and ſhe ſaid, "This is called ſkotching the wheels;" and ſhe took off the boy's hat, and gave it to the little girl, to hold up to the carriage-windows, ready for the halfpence. When ſhe thought that the children knew how to manage by themſelves, ſhe left them, and returned to

her ſpinning-wheel. A great many carriages happened to go by this day, and the little girl received a great many half-pence: ſhe carried them all in her brother's hat to her grandmother, in the evening; and the old woman ſmiled, and thanked the children; ſhe ſaid that they had been uſeful to her, and that her ſpinning had gone on finely, becauſe ſhe had been able to ſit ſtill at her wheel all day—"But Paul, my boy," ſaid ſhe, "what is the matter with your hand?"

"Only a pinch, only one pinch that I got, as I was putting a ſtone behind the wheel of a chaiſe: it does not hurt me much, grandmother; and I've thought of a good thing for to-morrow; I ſhall never be hurt again, if you will only be ſo good as to give me the old handle of the broken crutch, grandmother, and the block of wood that lies in the chimney-corner, and that is of no uſe: I'll make it of ſome uſe, if I may have

it."—"Take it then, dear," ſaid the old woman; "and you'll find the handle of the broken crutch under my bed."

Paul went to work immediately, and faſtened one end of the pole into the block of wood, ſo as to make ſomething like a dry-rubbing bruſh. "Look, grandmother, look at my *ſcotcher:* I call this thing my *ſcotcher,*" ſaid Paul, "becauſe I ſhall always ſcotch the wheels with it: I ſhall never pinch my fingers again; my hands, you ſee, will be ſafe at the end of this long ſtick; and, ſiſter Anne, you need not be at the trouble of carrying any more ſtones after me up the hill; we ſhall never want ſtones any more; my ſcotcher will do without any thing elſe, I hope. I wiſh it was morning, and that a carriage would come, that I might run up the hill, and try my ſcotcher."—"And I wiſh that as many chaiſes may go by to-morrow as there did to-day, and that

we may bring you as many half-pence too, grandmother," ſaid the little girl. "So do I, my dear Anne," ſaid the old woman; for I mean that you and your brother ſhall have all the money that you get to-morrow; you may buy ſome gingerbread for yourſelves, or ſome of thoſe ripe plums, that you ſaw at the fruit-ſtall, the other day, which is juſt going into Dunſtable. I told you then, that I could not afford to buy ſuch things for you; but now, that you can earn half-pence for yourſelves, children, it is fair you ſhould taſte a ripe plum and a bit of gingerbread for once in your lives, and away, dears."

"We'll bring ſome of the gingerbread home to her, ſhan't we, brother?" whiſpered little Anne. The morning came; but no carriages were heard, though Paul and his ſiſter had riſen at five o'clock, that they might be ſure to be ready for early travellers. Paul

kept his ſcotcher poiſed upon his ſhoulder, and watched eagerly at his ſtation at the bottom of the hill: he did not wait long before a carriage came. He followed it up the hill; and the inſtant the poſtillion called to him, and bid him ſtop the wheels, he put his ſcotcher behind them, and found that it anſwered the purpoſe perfectly well. Many carriages went by this day; and Paul and Anne received a great many half-pence from the travellers. When it grew duſk in the evening, Anne ſaid to her brother—"I don't think any more carriages will come by to day: let us count the half-pence, and carry them home now to grandmother.

"No, not yet," anſwered Paul, "let them alone—let them lie ſtill in the hole where I have put them: I dare ſay more carriages will come by before it is quite dark, and then we ſhall have more half-pence. Paul had taken the half-pence out

of his hat, and he had put them into a hole in the high bank by the road ſide; and Anne ſaid, that ſhe would not meddle with them, and that ſhe would wait till her brother liked to count them; and Paul ſaid, "If you will ſtay and watch here, I will go and gather ſome black-berries for you in the hedge in yonder field; ſtand you here-abouts, half-way up the hill; and the moment you ſee any carriage coming along the road, run as faſt as you can, and call me."

Anne waited a long time, or what ſhe thought a long time; and ſhe ſaw no carriage; and ſhe trailed her brother's ſcotcher up and down till ſhe was tired; then ſhe ſtood ſtill, and looked again; and ſhe ſaw no carriage; ſo ſhe went ſorrowfully into the field, and to the hedge where her brother was gathering black-berries, and ſhe ſaid, "Paul, I'm ſadly tired; *ſadly tired!*"

ſaid ſhe, " and my eyes are quite ſtrained with looking for chaiſes; no more chaiſes will come to-night; and your ſcotcher is lying there, of no uſe, upon the ground. Have not I waited long enough for to-day, Paul?"—" O, no," ſaid Paul, " here are ſome black-berries for you; you had better wait a little bit longer; perhaps a carriage might go by, whilſt you are ſtanding here talking to me." Anne, who was of a very obliging temper, and who liked to do what ſhe was aſked to do, went back to the place where the ſcotcher lay; and ſcarcely had ſhe reached the ſpot, when ſhe heard the noiſe of a carriage. She ran to call her brother; and, to their great joy, they now ſaw four chaiſes coming towards them. Paul, as ſoon as they went up the hill, followed with his ſcotcher; firſt he ſcotched the wheels of one carriage, then of another; and Anne was ſo much

delighted with obſerving how well the ſcotcher ſtopped the wheels, and how much better it was than ſtones, that ſhe forgot to go and hold her brother's hat to the travellers for half-pence, till ſhe was rouſed by the voice of a little roſy girl, who was looking out of the window of one of the chaiſes. "Come cloſe to the chaiſe-door," ſaid the little girl, "here are ſome half-pence for you."

Anne held the hat; and ſhe afterwards went on to the other carriages; money was thrown to her from each of them; and when they had all gotten ſafely to the top of the hill, ſhe and her brother ſat down upon a large ſtone by the road-ſide, to count their treaſure. Firſt they began by counting what was in the hat—"One, two, three, four half-pence."

"But O, brother, look at this!" exclaimed Anne; "this is not the ſame as the other half-pence."

"No, indeed, it is not," cried Paul; "it is no half-penny; it is a guinea, a bright golden guinea!"—"Is it?" ſaid Anne, who had never ſeen a guinea in her life before, and who did not know its value; "and will it do as well as a half-penny to buy gingerbread? I'll run to the fruit-ſtall, and aſk the woman; ſhall I?"

"No, no," ſaid Paul, "you need not aſk any woman, or any body but me; I can tell you all about it, as well as any body in the whole world."

"The whole world! O, Paul, you forget!—not ſo well as my grandmother."

"Why, not ſo well as my grandmother, perhaps; but, Anne, I can tell you, that you muſt not talk yourſelf, Anne; but you muſt liſten to me quietly, or elſe you won't underſtand what I am going to tell you; for I can aſſure you, that I don't think I quite

underſtood it myſelf, Anne, the firſt time my grandmother told it to me, though I ſtood ſtock ſtill, liſtening my beſt."

Prepared by this ſpeech to hear ſomething very difficult to be underſtood, Anne looked very grave; and her brother explained to her, that, with a guinea, ſhe might buy two hundred and fifty-two times as many plums as ſhe could get for a penny.

"Why, Paul, you know the fruit-woman ſaid ſhe would give us a dozen plums for a penny. Now for this little guinea would ſhe give us two hundred and fifty-two dozen?"

"If ſhe has ſo many, and if we like to have ſo many, to be ſure ſhe will," ſaid Paul; "but I think we ſhould not like to have two hundred and fifty-two dozen of plums; we could not eat ſuch a number."

"But we could give ſome of them to my grandmother," ſaid Anne.

"But ſtill there would be too many for her, and for us too," ſaid Paul; "and when we had eaten the plums, there would be an end of all the pleaſure; but now I'll tell you what I am thinking of, Anne, that we might buy ſomething for my grandmother, that would be very uſeful to her indeed, with this guinea; ſomething that would laſt a great while."

"What, brother? what ſort of thing?"

"Something that ſhe ſaid ſhe wanted very much laſt winter, when ſhe was ſo ill of the rheumatiſm;—ſomething that ſhe ſaid yeſterday when you were making her bed, ſhe wiſhed ſhe might be able to buy before next winter."

"I know! I know what you mean," ſaid Anne, "a blanket; O, yes, Paul, that will be much better than plums; do let us buy a blanket for her; how glad ſhe will be to ſee it.—I will make her bed with the new blanket, and then

bring her to look at it.—But, Paul, how ſhall we buy a blanket? Where are blankets to be got?"

"Leave that to me, I'll manage that—I know where blankets can be got, I ſaw one hanging out of a ſhop the day I went laſt to Dunſtable."

"You have ſeen a great many things at Dunſtable, brother."

"Yes, a great many; but I never ſaw any thing there, or any where elſe, that I wiſhed for half ſo much as I did for that blanket for my grandmother.—Do you remember how ſhe uſed to ſhiver with the cold laſt winter?—I'll buy the blanket to-morrow, I'm going to Dunſtable with her ſpinning."

"And you'll bring the blanket to me, and I ſhall make the bed very neatly, that will be all right! all happy!" ſaid Anne, clapping her hands.

"But ſtay! huſh! don't clap your hands ſo, Anne; it will not be all happy,

I'm afraid," ſaid Paul, and his countenance changed, and he looked very grave.—" It will not be all right, I'm afraid, for there is one thing we have neither of us thought of, but that we ought to think about. We cannot buy the blanket, I'm afraid."

" Why, Paul? why?"

" Becauſe I don't think this guinea is honeſtly ours."

" Nay, brother, but I'm ſure it is honeſtly ours; it was given to us, and grandmother ſaid all that was given to us to-day was to be our own."

" But who gave it to you, Anne?"

" Some of the people in thoſe chaiſes, Paul; I don't know which of them, but I dare ſay it was the little roſy girl."

" No," ſaid Paul, " for when ſhe called you to the chaiſe door, ſhe ſaid, 'here's ſome half-pence for you.' Now, if ſhe gave you the guinea, ſhe muſt have given it to you by miſtake."

"Well, but perhaps ſome of the people in the other chaiſes gave it to me, and did not give it to me by miſtake, Paul. There was a gentleman reading in one of the chaiſes, and a lady who looked very good-naturedly at me, and then the gentleman put down his book, and put his head out of the window, and looked at your ſkotcher, brother, and he aſked me, if that was your own making? and when I ſaid, yes, and that I was your ſiſter, he ſmiled at me, and put his hand into his waiſtcoat pocket, and threw a handful of halfpence into the hat, and I dare ſay he gave us the guinea along with them, becauſe he liked your ſkotcher ſo much."

"Why," ſaid Paul, "that might be to be ſure, but I wiſh I was quite certain of it."

"Then, as we are not quite certain, had not we beſt go and aſk my grandmother what ſhe thinks about it?"

Paul thought this was excellent advice, and he was not a ſilly boy, who did not like to follow good advice: he went with his ſiſter directly to his grandmother, ſhewed her the guinea, and told her how they came by it.

"My dear honeſt children," ſaid ſhe, "I am very glad you told me all this; I am very glad that you did not buy either the plums or the blanket with this guinea; I'm ſure it is not honeſtly ours; thoſe who threw it to you, gave it by miſtake, I warrant; and what I would have you do is to go to Dunſtable, and try if you can, at either of the inns, find out the perſon who gave it to you. It is now ſo late in the evening, that perhaps the travellers will ſleep at Dunſtable, inſtead of going on the next ſtage; and it is likely, that whoſoever gave you a guinea inſtead of a half-penny, has found out their miſtake by this time. All you can do, is,

to go and inquire for the gentleman who was reading in the chaiſe."——

"O!" interrupted Paul, "I know a good way of finding him out; I remember it was a dark green chaiſe with red wheels; and I remember I read the inn-keeper's name upon the chaiſe, '*John Nelſon.*' (I am much obliged to you for teaching me to read, grandmother.) You told me yeſterday, grandmother, that the names written upon chaiſes are the names of the inn-keepers to whom they belong. I read the name of the inn-keeper upon that chaiſe: it was John Nelſon. So Anne and I will go to both the inns in Dunſtable, and try to find out this chaiſe——John Nelſon's——Come, Anne, let us ſet out before it gets quite dark."

Anne and her brother paſſed with great courage the tempting ſtall, that was covered with gingerbread and ripe plums, and purſued their way ſteadily

through the ſtreet of Dunſtable; but Paul, when he came to the ſhop where he had ſeen the blanket, ſtopped for a moment, and ſaid, "It is a great pity, Anne, that the guinea is not our's; however, we are doing what is honeſt, and that is a comfort.——Here, we muſt go through this gate-way, into the inn-yard; we are come to the Dun Cow."

"Cow!" ſaid Anne, "I ſee no cow."

"Look up, and you'll ſee the cow over your head," ſaid Paul—the ſign—the picture.—Come, never mind looking at it now: I want to find out the green chaiſe that has John Nelſon's name upon it."

Paul puſhed forward, through a crowded paſſage, till he got into the inn-yard; there was a great noiſe and buſtle; the hoſtlers were carrying in luggage; the poſtillions were rubbing down their horſes, or rolling the chaiſes into the coach-houſe.

"What now? What buſineſs have you here, pray?" ſaid a waiter, who almoſt ran over Paul, as he was croſſing the yard in a great hurry to get ſome empty bottles from the bottle-rack.—"You've no buſineſs here, crowding up the yard; walk off, young gentleman, if you pleaſe."

"Pray give me leave, ſir," ſaid Paul, "to ſtay a few minutes, to look amongſt theſe chaiſes for one dark green chaiſe with red wheels, that has Mr. John Nelſon's name written upon it."

"What's that he ſays about a dark green chaiſe," ſaid one of the poſtillions.

"What ſhould ſuch a one as he is, know about chaiſes," interrupted the haſty waiter; and he was going to turn Paul out of the yard; but the hoſtler caught hold of his arm, and ſaid, "May be the child *has* ſome buſineſs here;

let's know what he has to ſay for himſelf."

The waiter was at this inſtant luckily obliged to leave them to attend the bell; and Paul told his buſineſs to the hoſtler, who, as ſoon as he ſaw the guinea and heard the ſtory, ſhook Paul by the hand, and ſaid, "Stand ſteady, my honeſt lad; I'll find the chaiſe for you, if it is to be found here; but John Nelſon's chaiſes almoſt always drive to the Black Bull."

After ſome difficulty, the green chaiſe with John Nelſon's name upon it, and the poſtillion who drove that chaiſe, were found; and the poſtillion told Paul, that he was juſt going into the parlour to the gentleman he had driven, to be paid, and that he would carry the guinea with him.

"No," ſaid Paul, "we ſhould like to give it back ourſelves."

"Yes," ſaid the hoſtler, "that they have a right to do."

The poſtillion made no reply, but looked vexed, and went on towards the houſe, deſiring the children would wait in the paſſage till his return.

In the paſſage there was ſtanding a decent, clean, good-natured-looking woman, with two huge ſtraw baſkets on each ſide of her. One of the baſkets ſtood a little in the way of the entrance. A man who was puſhing his way in, and carried in his hand a ſtring of dead larks hung to a pole, impatient at being ſtopped, kicked down the ſtraw baſket; and all its contents were thrown out: bright ſtraw hats and boxes, and ſlippers, were all thrown in diſorder upon the dirty ground.

"O, they will be trampled upon! they will be all ſpoiled!" exclaimed the woman to whom they belonged.

"We'll help you to pick them up, if you will let us," cried Paul and Anne; and they immediately ran to her aſſiſtance.

When the things were all ſafe in the baſket again, the children expreſſed a great deſire to know how ſuch beautiful things could be made of ſtraw; but the woman had not time to anſwer them, before the poſtillion came out of the parlour, and with him a gentleman's ſervant, who came to Paul, and, clapping him upon the back, ſaid, "So, my little chap, I gave you a guinea for a half-penny, I hear; and I underſtand you've brought it back again—that's right—give me hold of it."

"No, brother," ſaid Anne; "this is not the gentleman that was reading."

"Pooh, child, I came in Mr. Nelſon's green chaiſe. Here's the poſtillion can tell you ſo. I and my maſter came in that chaiſe. It was my maſter that was reading, as you ſay; and it was he that threw the money out to you; he is going to bed; he is tired, and can't ſee you himſelf: he deſires that you'll give me the guinea."

Paul was too honeſt himſelf to ſuſpect, that this man was telling him a falſehood; and he now readily produced his bright guinea, and delivered it into the ſervant's hands.

"Here's ſix-pence a piece for you, children," ſaid he, "and good night to you."—He puſhed them towards the door; but the baſket-woman whiſpered to them as they went out, "Wait in the ſtreet till I come to you."

"Pray, Mrs. Landlady," cried this gentleman's ſervant, addreſſing himſelf to the landlady, who juſt then came out of a room where ſome company were at ſupper, "Pray, Mrs. Landlady, pleaſe to let me have roaſted larks for my ſupper. You are famous for larks at Dunſtable; and I make it a rule to taſte the beſt of every thing, wherever I go; and, waiter, let me have a bottle of claret—Do you hear?"

"Larks and claret for his ſupper!"

ſaid the baſket-woman to herſelf, as ſhe looked at him from head to foot. The poſtillion was ſtill waiting, as if to ſpeak to him; and ſhe obſerved them afterwards whiſpering and laughing together. "*No bad hit,*" was a ſentence which the ſervant pronounced ſeveral times.

Now it occurred to the baſket-woman, that this man had cheated the children out of the guinea to pay for the larks and claret; and ſhe thought that perhaps ſhe could diſcover the truth. She waited quietly in the paſſage.

"Waiter!—Joe! Joe!" cried the landlady, "why don't you carry in the ſweetmeat puffs and the tarts here to the company in the beſt parlour."

"Coming, ma'am," anſwered the waiter; and with a large diſh of tarts and puffs the waiter came from the bar; the landlady threw open the door of the beſt parlour, to let him in; and the baſket-woman had now a full view of

a large cheerful company; and amongſt them ſeveral children ſitting round a ſupper-table.

"Aye," whiſpered the landlady, as the door cloſed after the waiter and the tarts, "there are cuſtomers enough, I warrant, for you in that room, if you had but the luck to be called in.—Pray what would you have the conſcience, I wonder now, to charge me for theſe here half dozen little mats, to put under my diſhes?"

"A trifle, ma'am," ſaid the baſket-woman: ſhe let the landlady have the mats cheap; and the landlady then declared ſhe would ſtep in, and ſee if the company in the beſt parlour had done ſupper—"When they come to their wine," added ſhe, "I'll ſpeak a good word for you, and get you called in afore the children are ſent to bed."

The landlady, after the uſual ſpeech of "*I hope the ſupper and every thing*

is to your liking, ladies and gentlemen," began with "If any of the young gentlemen or ladies would have a *cur'ofity* to ſee any of our famous Dunſtable ſtraw-work, there's a decent body without, would, I dare to ſay, be proud to ſhew them her pincuſhion-boxes, and her baſkets and ſlippers, and her other *cur'ofities.*"

The eyes of the children all turned towards their mother, their mother ſmiled, and immediately their father called in the baſket-woman, and deſired her to produce her *curioſities.*

The children gathered round her large pannier as it opened; but they did not touch any of her things.

"O, papa!" cried a little roſy girl, "here are a pair of ſtraw ſlippers, that would juſt fit you, I think; but would not ſtraw ſhoes wear out very ſoon? and would not they let in the wet?"

"Yes, my dear," ſaid her father,

" but theſe ſlippers are meant——"

" For powdering ſlippers, Miſs," interrupted the baſket-woman.

" To wear when people are powdering their hair," continued the gentleman, " that they may not ſpoil their other ſhoes."

" And will you buy them, papa?"

" No, I cannot indulge myſelf," ſaid her father, " in buying them now; I muſt make amends," ſaid he, laughing, " for my careleſſneſs; and as I threw away a guinea to-day, I muſt endeavour to ſave ſix-pence at leaſt."

" Ah, the guinea that you threw by miſtake into the little girl's hat, as we were coming up Chalk-hill.—Mamma, I wonder that the little girl did not take notice of its being a guinea, and that ſhe did not run after the chaiſe to give it back again. I ſhould think, if ſhe had been an honeſt girl, ſhe would have returned it."

"Miſs!—Ma'am!—Sir!" ſaid the baſket-woman, "if it would not be impertinent, may I ſpeak a word?—A little boy and girl have juſt been here inquiring for a gentleman, who gave them a guinea inſtead of a half-penny by miſtake; and, not five minutes ago, I ſaw the boy give the guinea to a gentleman's ſervant, who is there without, and who ſaid his maſter deſired it ſhould be returned to him."

"There muſt be ſome miſtake, or ſome trick in this," ſaid the gentleman; "are the children gone?—I muſt ſee them—Send after them."

"I'll go for them myſelf," ſaid the good-natured baſket-woman; "I bid them wait in the ſtreet yonder; for my mind miſgave me, that the man who ſpoke ſo ſhort to them was a cheat—with his larks and his claret."

Paul and Anne were ſpeedily ſummoned, and brought back by their

friend the baſket-woman; and Anne, the moment ſhe ſaw the gentleman, knew that he was the very perſon who ſmiled upon her, who admired her brother's ſcotcher, and who threw a handfull of half-pence into the hat; but ſhe could not be certain, ſhe ſaid, that ſhe received the guinea from him; ſhe only thought it was moſt likely that ſhe did.

"But I can be certain whether the guinea you returned be mine or no," ſaid the gentleman; "I marked the guinea; it was a light one; the only light guinea I had, which I put into my waiſtcoat pocket this morning."

He rang the bell, and deſired the waiter to let the gentleman, who was in the room oppoſite to him, know that he wiſhed to ſee him.

"The gentleman in the white parlour, Sir, do you mean?"

"I mean the maſter of the ſervant, who received a guinea from this child."

"He is a Mr. Pembroke, Sir," ſaid the waiter.

Mr. Pembroke came; and as ſoon as he heard what had happened, he deſired the waiter to ſhew him to the room, where his ſervant was at ſupper.

The diſhoneſt ſervant, who was ſupping upon larks and claret, knew nothing of what was going on; but his knife and fork dropped from his hand, and he overturned a bumper of claret, as he ſtarted up from table, in great ſurpriſe and terror, when his maſter came in with a face of indignation, and demanded "*the guinea*—the *guinea, Sir!* that you got from this child—that guinea which you ſaid I ordered you to aſk for from this child."

The ſervant, confounded and half intoxicated, could only ſtammer out, that he had more guineas than one about him, and that he really did not know which it was. He pulled his

money out, and ſpread it upon the table with trembling hands—The marked guinea appeared—His maſter inſtantly turned him out of his ſervice with ſtrong expreſſions of contempt.

"And now, my little honeſt girl," ſaid the gentleman who had admired her brother's ſcotcher, turning to Anne, "and now tell me whom you are, and what you and your brother want or wiſh for moſt in the world."

In the ſame moment, Anne and Paul exclaimed, "The thing we wiſh for the moſt in the world is a blanket for our grandmother."

"She is not our grandmother in reality, I believe, Sir," ſaid Paul; "but ſhe is juſt as good to us, and taught me to read, and taught Anne to knit, and taught us both that we ſhould be honeſt—ſo ſhe has—and I wiſh ſhe had a new blanket before next winter, to keep her from the cold and the rheu-

matiſm. She had the rheumatiſm ſadly, laſt winter, Sir; and there is a blanket in this ſtreet, that would be juſt the thing for her."

"She ſhall have it, then; and," continued the gentleman, "I will do ſomething more for you—Do you like to be employed or to be idle beſt?"

"We like to have ſomething to do always, if we could, Sir," ſaid Paul; "but we are forced to be idle ſometimes, becauſe grandmother has not always things for us to do, that we *can* do well."

"Should you like to learn how to make ſuch baſkets as theſe?" ſaid the gentleman, pointing to one of the Dunſtable ſtraw baſkets.

"O, very much!" ſaid Paul.

"Very much!" ſaid Anne.

"Then I ſhould like to teach you how to make them," ſaid the baſket-woman; "for I'm ſure of one thing, that you'd behave honeſtly to me."

The gentleman put a guinea into the good-natured baſket-woman's hand, and told her, that he knew ſhe could not afford to teach them her trade for nothing.—" I ſhall come through Dunſtable again in a few months," added he; " and I hope to ſee, that you and your ſcholars are going on well. If I find that they are, I will do ſomething more for you."

" But," ſaid Anne, " we muſt tell all this to grandmother, and aſk her about it; and I'm afraid—though I'm very happy—that it is getting very late, and that we ſhould not ſtay here any longer."

" It is a fine moon-light night," ſaid the baſket-woman; " and it is not far; I'll walk with you, and ſee you ſafe home myſelf."

The gentleman detained them a few minutes longer, till a meſſenger, whom he had diſpatched to purchaſe the much-wiſhed-for blanket, returned.

"Your grandmother will sleep well upon this good blanket, I hope," said the gentleman, as he gave it into Paul's opened arms; "it has been obtained for her by the honesty of her adopted children."

THE WHITE PIGEON.

THE little town of Somerville, in Ireland, has, within theſe few years, aſſumed the neat and cheerful appearance of an Engliſh village. Mr. Somerville, to whom this town belongs, wiſhed to inſpire his tenantry with a taſte for order, and domeſtic happineſs, and took every means in his power, to encourage induſtrious well-behaved people, to ſettle in his neighbourhood. When he had finiſhed building a row of good ſlated houſes in his town, he declared, that he would ſet them to the beſt tenants he could find, and propoſals were quickly ſent to him from all parts of the country. By the beſt tenants, Mr. Somerville did not, however, mean the beſt bidders, and many, who

had offered an extravagant price for the houſes, were ſurpriſed to find their propoſals rejected. Amongſt theſe was Mr. Cox, an alehouſe keeper, who did not bear a very good character.

"Pleaſe your honour, ſir," ſaid he, to Mr. Somerville, "I *expected*, ſince I bid as fair and fairer for it than any other, that you would have ſet me the houſe next the apothecary's. Was not it fifteen guineas I mentioned in my propoſal? and did not your honour give it againſt me for thirteen?"

"My honour did juſt ſo," replied Mr. Somerville calmly.

"And pleaſe your honour, but I don't know what it is I or nine have done to offend you—I'm ſure there is not a gentleman in all Ireland I'd go farther to ſarve. Would not I go to Cork to-morrow for the leaſt word from your honour?"

"I am much obliged to you, Mr.

Cox, but I have no buſineſs at Cork at preſent," anſwered Mr. Somerville drily.

"It is all I wiſh," exclaimed Mr. Cox, "that I could find out and light upon the man, that has belied me to your honour."

"No man has belied you, Mr. Cox; but your noſe belies you much, if you do not love drinking a little; and your black eye and cut chin bely you much, if you do not love quarrelling a little."

"Quarrel! I quarrel, pleaſe your honour! I defy any man, or ſet of men, ten mile round, to prove ſuch a thing; and I am ready to fight him that dares to ſay the like of me; I'd fight him here in your honour's preſence, if he'd only come out this minute, and meet me like a man."

Here Mr. Cox put himſelf into a boxing attitude, but obſerving, that Mr. Somerville looked at his threatening

geſture with a ſmile, and that ſeveral people, who had gathered round him as he ſtood in the ſtreet, laughed at the proof he gave of his peaceable diſpoſition, he changed his attitude, and went on to vindicate himſelf againſt the charge of drinking.

"And as to drink, pleaſe your honour, there's no truth in it. Not a drop of whiſkey, good or bad, have I touched theſe ſix months, except what I took with Jemmy M'Doole the night I had the misfortune to meet your honour coming home from the fair of Ballynagriſh."

To this ſpeech Mr. Somerville made no anſwer, but turned away to look at the bow window of a handſome new inn, which the glazier was at this inſtant glazing.

"Pleaſe your honour, that new inn is not ſet, I hear, as yet," reſumed Mr. Cox; "if your honour recollects, you

promiſed to make me a compliment of it, laſt Seraphtide was twelve-month."

"Impoſſible!" cried Mr. Somerville, "for I had no thoughts of building an inn at that time."

"O, I beg your honour's pardon; but if you'd be juſt pleaſed to recollect, it was coming through the gap in the bog-meadows, *forenent* Thady O'Connor, you made me the promiſe—I'll leave it to him, ſo I will."

"But I will not leave it to him, I aſſure you," cried Mr. Somerville; "I never made any ſuch promiſe: I never thought of ſetting this inn to you."

"Then your honour won't let me have it?"

"No. You have told me a dozen falſehoods. I do not wiſh to have you for a tenant."

"Well, God bleſs your honour; I've no more to ſay, but God bleſs your honour," ſaid Mr. Cox; and he walked

away, muttering to himſelf, as he ſlouched his hat over his face—"I hope I'll live to be revenged on him!"

Mr. Somerville, the next morning, went with his family to look at the new inn, which he expected to ſee perfectly finiſhed; but he was met by the carpenter, who, with a rueful face, informed him, that ſix panes of glaſs in the large bow window had been broken during the night.

"Ha! perhaps Mr. Cox has broken my windows, in revenge for my refuſing to let him my houſe," ſaid Mr. Somerville; and many of the neighbours, who knew the malicious character of this Mr. Cox, obſerved that this was like one of his tricks.

A boy of about twelve years old, however, ſtepped forward, and ſaid, "I don't like Mr. Cox, I'm ſure; for once he beat me, when he was drunk; but, for all that, no one ſhould be

accuſed wrongfully: he *could* not be the perſon, that broke theſe windows laſt night; for he was ſix miles off: he ſlept at his couſin's laſt night, and he has not returned home yet; ſo I think he knows nothing of the matter."

Mr. Somerville was pleaſed with the honeſt ſimplicity of this boy, and obſerving, that he looked in eagerly at the ſtair-caſe, when the houſe-door was opened, he aſked him whether he ſhould like to go in, and ſee the new houſe.

"Yes, Sir," ſaid the boy, "I ſhould like to go up thoſe ſtairs, and to ſee what I ſhould come to."

"Up with you then!" ſaid Mr. Somerville; and the boy ran up the ſtairs—He went from room to room with great expreſſions of admiration and delight; at length, as he was examining one of the garrets, he was ſtartled by a fluttering noiſe over his head; and, looking up, he ſaw a white pigeon, who,

frightened at his appearance, began to fly round and round the room, till it found its way out of the door, and it flew into the ſtair-caſe. The carpenter was ſpeaking to Mr. Somerville upon the landing-place of the ſtairs; but, the moment he ſpied the white pigeon, he broke off in the midſt of a ſpeech about *the noſe* of the ſtairs, and exclaimed, "There he is, pleaſe your honour!—There's he that has done all the damage to our bow window—That's the very ſame wicked white pigeon, that broke the church windows laſt Sunday was ſe'nnight; but he's down for it now; we have him ſafe, and I'll chop his head off, as he deſerves, this minute."

"Stay! O ſtay! don't chop his head off: he does not deſerve it," cried the boy, who came running out of the garret with the greateſt eagerneſs—"*I* broke your window, ſir," ſaid he to Mr. Somerville—"I broke your window

with this ball; but I did not know, that I had done it, till this moment, I assure you, or I should have told you before. Don't chop his head off," added the boy to the carpenter, who had now the white pigeon in his hands.

"No," said Mr. Somerville, "the pigeon's head shall not be chopped off, nor your's neither, my good boy, for breaking a window. I am persuaded, by your open, honest countenance, that you are speaking the truth; but pray explain this matter to us; for you have not made it quite clear:—How happened it that you could break my windows without knowing it? and how came you to find it out at last?"

"Sir," said the boy, "if you'll come up here, I'll show you all I know, and how I came to know it."

Mr. Somerville followed him into the garret; and the boy pointed to a pane of glass, that was broken in a small

window, that looked out upon a piece of waſte ground behind the houſe. Upon this piece of waſte ground the children of the village often uſed to play. "We were playing there at ball yeſterday evening," continued the boy, addreſſing himſelf to Mr. Somerville, "and one of the lads challenged me to hit a mark in the wall, which I did; but he ſaid I did not hit it, and bade me give him up my ball as the forfeit. This I would not do; and when he began to wreſtle with me for it, I threw the ball, as I thought, over the houſe. He ran to look for it in the ſtreet, but could not find it, which I was very glad of; but I was very ſorry juſt now, to find it myſelf, lying upon this heap of ſhavings, ſir, under this broken window; for, as ſoon as I ſaw it lying there, I knew I muſt have been the perſon that broke the window; and through this window came the white pigeon—Here's

one of his white feathers ſticking in the gap."

"Yes," ſaid the carpenter, "and in the bow-window-room below there's plenty of his feathers to be ſeen; for I've juſt been down to look: it was the pigeon broke *them* windows, ſure enough."

"But he could not have got in, if I had not broke this little window," ſaid the boy eagerly; "and I am able to earn ſix-pence a day, and I'll pay for all the miſchief and welcome. The white pigeon belongs to a poor neighbour, a friend of our's, who is very fond of him; and I would not have him killed for twice as much money."

"Take the pigeon, my honeſt, generous lad," ſaid Mr. Somerville, "and carry him back to your neighbour." I forgive him all the miſchief he has done me, tell your friend, for your ſake. As to the reſt, we can have the windows

mended; and do you keep all the ſixpences you earn for yourſelf."

"That's what he never did yet," ſaid the carpenter; "many's the ſixpence he earns: but not a half-penny goes into his own pocket: it goes every farthing to his poor father and mother. Happy for them to have ſuch a ſon!"

"More happy for him to have ſuch a father and mother," exclaimed the boy; "in their good days, they took all the beſt care of me, that was to be had for love or money, and would, if I would let them, go on paying for my ſchooling now, fallen as they be in the world; but I muſt learn to mind the ſhop now. Good morning to you, ſir; and thank you kindly," ſaid he to Mr. Somerville.

"And where does this boy live, and who are his father and mother? they cannot live in this town," ſaid Mr. Somerville, "or I ſhould have heard of them."

"They are but juſt come into the town, pleaſe your honour," ſaid the carpenter; they lived formerly upon Counſellor O'Donnel's eſtate; but they were ruined, pleaſe your honour, by taking a joint leaſe with a man, who fell afterwards into bad company, ran out all he had, ſo could not pay the landlord; and theſe poor people were forced to pay his ſhare and their own too, which almoſt ruined them: they were obliged to give up the land; and now they have furniſhed a little ſhop in this town, with what goods they could afford to buy with the money they got by the ſale of their cattle and ſtock. They have the good-will of all who know them; and I am ſure I hope they will do well. The boy is very ready in the ſhop, though he ſaid only that he could earn ſix-pence a day; he writes a good hand, and is quick at caſting up accounts, for his age. Beſides, he is likely

to do well in the world, becauſe he is never in idle company; and I've known him ſince he was two foot high, and never heard of his telling a lie."

"This is an excellent character of the boy, indeed," ſaid Mr. Somerville; "and from his behaviour this morning, I am inclined to think, that he deſerves all your praiſes." Mr. Somerville reſolved to inquire more fully concerning this poor family, and to attend to their conduct himſelf, fully determined to aſſiſt them, if he ſhould find them ſuch as they had been repreſented.

In the mean time, this boy, whoſe name was Brian O'Neill, went to return the white pigeon to its owner.

"You have ſaved its life," ſaid the woman to whom it belonged, "and I'll make you a preſent of it."

Brian thanked her; and he from that day began to grow fond of the pigeon. He always took care to ſcatter ſome oats for it in his father's yard; and the

pigeon grew ſo tame at laſt, that it would hop about the kitchen, and eat off the ſame trencher with the dog *.

Brian, after the ſhop was ſhut up at night, uſed to amuſe himſelf with reading ſome little books, which the ſchoolmaſter, who formerly taught him arithmetic, was ſo good as to lend him. Amongſt theſe he one evening met with a little book full of the hiſtory of birds and beaſts; he looked immediately to ſee whether the pigeon was mentioned amongſt the birds; and, to his great joy, he found a full deſcription and hiſtory of his favourite bird.

"So, Brian, I ſee your ſchooling has not been thrown away upon you; you like your book, I ſee, when you have no maſter over you to bid you read," ſaid his father, when he came in and ſaw Brian reading this book very attentively.

* This is a fact.

"Thank you for having me taught to read, father," ſaid Brian; "here I've made a great diſcovery: I've found out in this book, little as it looks, father, a moſt curious way of making a fortune; and I hope it will make your fortune, father; and if you'll ſit down, I'll tell it to you."

Mr. O'Neill, in hopes of pleaſing his ſon, rather than in the expectation of having his fortune made, immediately ſat down to liſten; and his ſon explained to him, that he had found in his book an account of pigeons, who carried notes and letters; "and, father," continued Brian, "I find my pigeon is of this ſort; and I intend to make my pigeon carry meſſages: why ſhould not he, ſir? If other pigeons have done ſo before him, I think he is as good, and I dare ſay will be as eaſy to teach, as any pigeon in the world; and I ſhall begin to teach him to-morrow

morning; and then, father, you know people often pay a great deal for ſending meſſengers; and no boy can run, no horſe can gallop, ſo faſt as a bird can fly; therefore a bird muſt be the beſt meſſenger, and I ſhould be paid the beſt price—Hey, father?"

"To be ſure, to be ſure, my dear," ſaid his father, laughing; "I wiſh you may make the beſt meſſenger in Ireland of your pigeon; but all I beg, my dear boy, is, that you won't neglect our ſhop for your pigeon; for I've a notion, we have a better chance of making a fortune by the ſhop, than by the white pigeon."

Brian never neglected the ſhop; but at his leiſure hours he amuſed himſelf with training his pigeon; and, after much patience, he at laſt ſucceeded ſo well, that one day he went to his father, and offered to ſend him word by his pigeon, what beef was a pound in the

market of Ballynagriſh, where he was going.—"The pigeon will be home long before me, father; and he will come in at the kitchen window, and light upon the dreſſer; then you muſt untie the little note, which I ſhall have tied under his left wing, and you'll know the price of beef directly."

The pigeon carried his meſſage well; and Brian was much delighted with his ſucceſs. He ſoon was employed by the neighbours, who were amuſed by Brian's fondneſs for his ſwift meſſenger; and ſoon the fame of the white pigeon was ſpread amongſt all, who frequented the markets and fairs of Somerville."

At one of theſe fairs, a ſet of men of deſperate fortunes met to drink, and to concert plans for robberies. Their place of meeting was at the ale-houſe of Mr. Cox, the man who, as our readers may remember, was offended by Mr. Somerville's hinting, that he was fond of drink-

ing and of quarrelling, and who threatened vengeance for having been refuſed the new inn.

Whilſt theſe men were talking over their ſchemes, one of them obſerved, that one of their companions was not arrived; another ſaid no; he's ſix miles off, ſaid another; and a third wiſhed, that he could make him hear at that diſtance. This turned the diſcourſe upon the difficulties of ſending meſſages ſecretly and quickly. Cox's ſon, a lad of about nineteen, who was one of this gang, mentioned the white carrier pigeon, and he was deſired to try all means, to get it into his poſſeſſion. Accordingly, the next day young Cox went to Brian O'Neill, and tried at firſt by perſuaſion, and afterwards by threats, to prevail upon him to give up the pigeon. Brian was reſolute in his refuſal, more eſpecially when the petitioner began to bully him.

"If we can't have it by fair means, we will by foul," ſaid Cox; and a few days afterwards the pigeon was gone. Brian ſearched for it in vain—inquired from all the neighbours if they had ſeen it, and applied, but to no purpoſe, to Cox. He ſwore, that he knew nothing about the matter—but this was falſe—for it was he, who during the night time had ſtolen the white pigeon; he conveyed it to his employers, and they rejoiced, that they had gotten it into their poſſeſſion, as they thought it would ſerve them for a uſeful meſſenger.

Nothing can be more ſhort-ſighted than cunning. The very means, which theſe people took to ſecure ſecreſy, were the means of bringing their plots to light. They endeavoured to teach the pigeon, which they had ſtolen, to carry meſſages for them in a part of the country at ſome diſtance from Somerville; and when they fancied, that it had for-

gotten its former habits, and its old maſter, they thought, that they might venture to employ him nearer home. However, the pigeon had a better memory, than they imagined. They looſed him from a bog near the town of Ballynagriſh, in hopes that he would ſtop at the houſe of Cox's couſin, which was on the road between Ballynagriſh and Somerville. But the pigeon, though he had been purpoſely fed at this houſe for a week before this trial, did not ſtop there, but flew on to his old maſter's houſe in Somerville, and pecked at the kitchen window, as he had formerly been taught to do. His maſter, fortunately, was within hearing, and poor Brian ran with the greateſt joy to open the window, and to let him in.

"O father, here's my white pigeon come back of his own accord," exclaimed Brian; "I muſt run and ſhow him to my mother."

At this inſtant the pigeon ſpread his wings, and Brian diſcovered under one of its wings a ſmall and very dirty looking billet; he opened it in his father's preſence; the ſcrawl was ſcarcely legible, but theſe words were at length decyphered.

"Thare are eight of uz ſworn; I ſend yo at botom thare names. We meat at tin this nite at my faders, and have harms and all in radineſs to brak into the grate ouſe. Mr. Summervill is to lye out to nite—kip the pigeon untill to-morrow. For ever yours,

MURTAGH COX, JUN."

Scarcely had they finiſhed reading this note, than both father and ſon exclaimed, "Let us go and ſhow it to Mr. Somerville." Before they ſet out, they had however the prudence to ſecure the pigeon, ſo that he ſhould not be ſeen by any one but themſelves.

Mr. Somerville, in conſequence of this fortunate diſcovery, took proper meaſures for the apprehenſion of the eight men, who had ſworn to rob his houſe; and when they were all ſafely lodged in the county gaol, he ſent for Brian O'Neill and his father; and after thanking them for the ſervice they had done him, he counted out ten bright guineas upon a table, and puſhed them towards Brian, ſaying, "I ſuppoſe you know, that a reward of ten guineas was offered ſome weeks ago for the diſcovery of John Mac Dermod, one of the eight men, whom we have juſt taken up."

"No, ſir," ſaid Brian; "I did not know it, and I did not bring that note to you to get ten guineas; but becauſe I thought it was right. I don't want to be paid for doing right."

"That's my own boy," ſaid his father. "We thank you, ſir, but we'll

not take the money; *I dont like to take the price of blood*.*"

"I know the difference, my good friends," ſaid Mr. Somerville, "between vile informers, and courageous honeſt men."

"Why, as to that, pleaſe your honour, though we are poor, I hope we are honeſt."

"And what is more," ſaid Mr. Somerville, "I have a notion, that you would continue to be honeſt, even if you were rich."

"Will you, my good lad," continued Mr. Somerville, after a moment's pauſe, "will you truſt me with your white pigeon for a few days?"

"O, and welcome, ſir," ſaid the boy with a ſmile; and he brought the pigeon to Mr. Somerville when it was dark, and nobody ſaw him. A few days

* This anſwer was really given upon a ſimilar occaſion.

afterwards Mr. Somerville called at O'Neill's houſe, and bid him and his ſon follow him. They followed till he ſtopped oppoſite to the bow window of the new inn. The carpenter had juſt put up a ſign, which was covered over with a bit of carpeting.

"Go up the ladder, will you," ſaid Mr. Somerville to Brian, "and pull that ſign ſtraight, for it hangs quite crooked. There now it is ſtraight. Now pull off the carpet, and let us ſee the new ſign."

The boy pulled off the cover, and ſaw a white pigeon painted upon the ſign, and the name of O'Neill in large letters underneath.

"Take care you do not tumble down and break your neck upon this joyful occaſion," ſaid Mr. Somerville, who ſaw that Brian's ſurpriſe was too great for his ſituation. "Come down from the ladder, and wiſh your father joy of being

master of the new inn called the White Pigeon. And I wish him joy of having such a son as you are. Those who bring up their children well will certainly be rewarded for it, be they poor or rich.

THE

THE ORPHANS.

NEAR the ruins of the caſtle of Roſsmore, in Ireland, is a ſmall cabin, in which there once lived a widow, and her four children. As long as ſhe was able to work, ſhe was very induſtrious, and was accounted the beſt ſpinner in the pariſh; but ſhe over-worked herſelf at laſt, and fell ill, ſo that ſhe could not ſit to her wheel as ſhe uſed to do, and was obliged to give it up to her eldeſt daughter Mary.

Mary was at this time about twelve years old. One evening ſhe was ſitting at the foot of her mother's bed, ſpinning, and her little brother and ſiſters were gathered round the fire, eating their potatoes and milk for ſupper.

"God help them, the poor young creatures!" ſaid the widow; who, as ſhe

lay on the bed, which ſhe knew muſt be her death-bed, was thinking of what would become of her children after ſhe was gone. Mary ſtopped her wheel, for ſhe was afraid, that the noiſe of it had wakened her mother, and would hinder her from going to ſleep again.

"No need to ſtop the wheel, Mary dear, for me," ſaid her mother, "I was not aſleep; nor is it *that* which keeps me from ſleep. But don't over-work yourſelf, Mary."

"O, no fear of that," replied Mary; "I'm ſtrong and hearty."

"So was I once," ſaid her mother.

"And ſo you will be again, I hope, pleaſe God," ſaid Mary, "when the fine weather comes again."

"The fine weather will never come again to me," ſaid her mother; "'tis a folly, Mary, to hope for that—but what I hope is, that you'll find ſome friend—ſome help—orphans as you'll

ſoon all of you be. And one thing comforts my heart, even as I *am* lying here, that not a ſoul in the wide world I am leaving has to complain of me. Though poor, I have lived honeſt, and I have brought you up to be the ſame, Mary; and I am ſure the little ones will take after you; for you'll be good to them—as good to them as you can."

Here the children, who had finiſhed eating their ſuppers, came round the bed, to liſten to what their mother was ſaying. She was tired of ſpeaking, for ſhe was very weak; but ſhe took their little hands, as they laid them on the bed, and joining them all together, ſhe ſaid—"God bleſs you dears—God bleſs you—love and help one another all you can—good night—good by."

Mary took the children away to their bed, for ſhe ſaw, that their mother was too ill to ſay more; but Mary did not herſelf know how ill ſhe was. Her mo-

ther never ſpoke rightly afterwards, but talked in a confuſed way about ſome debts, and one in particular, which ſhe owed to a ſchool-miſtreſs for Mary's ſchooling; and then ſhe charged Mary to go and pay it, becauſe ſhe was not able to *go in* with it. At the end of the week ſhe was dead and buried; and the orphans were left alone in their cabin.

The two youngeſt girls, Peggy and Nancy, were ſix and ſeven years old; Edmund was not yet nine, but he was a ſtout grown, healthy boy, and well-diſpoſed to work. He had been uſed to bring home turf from the bog on his back, to lead car-horſes, and often to go on errands for gentlemen's families, who paid him ſixpence or a ſhilling, according to the diſtance which he went: ſo that Edmund, by ſome or other of theſe little employments, was, as he ſaid, likely enough to earn

his bread; and he told Mary, to have a good heart, for that he ſhould every year grow able to do more and more, and that he ſhould never forget his mother's words, when ſhe laſt gave him her bleſſing, and joined their hands all together.

As for Peggy and Nancy, it was little that they could do; but they were good children; and Mary, when ſhe conſidered, that ſo much depended upon her, was reſolved to exert herſelf to the utmoſt. Her firſt care was to pay thoſe debts, which her mother had mentioned to her, for which ſhe left money done up carefully in ſeparate papers. When all theſe were paid away, there was not enough left to pay both the rent of the cabin, and a year's ſchooling for herſelf and ſiſters, which was due to the ſchool-miſtreſs in a neighbouring village.

Mary was in hopes, that the rent would not be called for immediately; but in this ſhe was diſappointed. Mr. Harvey, the gentleman on whoſe eſtate ſhe lived, was in England, and, in his abſence, all was managed by a Mr. Hopkins, an agent, who was a *hard man**. The driver came to Mary about a week after her mother's death, and told her, that the rent muſt be brought in the next day, and that ſhe muſt leave the cabin, for a new tenant was coming into it; that ſhe was too young, to have a houſe to herſelf, and that the only thing ſhe had to do was, to get ſome neighbour to take her and her brother and ſiſters in, for charity's ſake.

The driver finiſhed by hinting, that ſhe would not be ſo hardly uſed, if ſhe

* A hard hearted man.

had not brought upon herſelf the ill-will of Miſs Alice, the agent's daughter. Mary, it is true, had refuſed to give Miſs Alice a goat, upon which ſhe had ſet her fancy; but this was the only offence of which ſhe had been guilty, and, at the time ſhe refuſed it, her mother wanted the goat's milk, which was the only thing ſhe then liked to drink.

Mary went immediately to Mr. Hopkins, the agent, to pay her rent; and ſhe begged of him to let her ſtay another year in her cabin, but this he refuſed. It was now the 25th of September, and he ſaid, that the new tenant muſt come in on the 29th; ſo that ſhe muſt quit it directly. Mary could not bear the thoughts of begging any of the neighbours, to take her and her brother and ſiſters in *for charity's ſake*, for the neighbours were all poor enough themſelves: ſo ſhe bethought herſelf, that

ſhe might find ſhelter in the ruins of the old caſtle of Roſsmore, where ſhe and her brother, in better times, had often played at hide and ſeek. The kitchen, and two other rooms near it, were yet covered in tolerably well; and a little thatch, ſhe thought, would make them comfortable through the winter. The agent conſented to let her and her brother and ſiſters go in there, upon her paying him half a guinea in hand, and promiſing to pay the ſame yearly.

Into theſe lodgings the orphans now removed, taking with them two bedſteads, a ſtool, chair, and a table, a ſort of preſs, which contained what little clothes they had, and a cheſt, in which they had two hundred of meal. The cheſt was carried for them by ſome of the charitable neighbours, who likewiſe added to their ſcanty ſtock of potatoes and turf, what would make it laſt through the winter.

Theſe children were well thought of and pitied, becauſe their mother was known to have been all her life honeſt and induſtrious. "Sure," ſays one of the neighbours, "we can do no leſs than give a helping hand to the poor orphans, that are ſo ready to help themſelves."—So one helped to thatch the room, in which they were to ſleep, and another took their cow to graze upon his bit of land, on condition of having half the milk; and one and all ſaid, they ſhould be welcome to take ſhare of their potatoes and buttermilk, if they ſhould find their own ever fall ſhort.

The half guinea, which Mr. Hopkins, the agent, required for letting Mary into the caſtle, was part of what ſhe had to pay to the ſchool-miſtreſs, to whom above a guinea was due. Mary went to her, and took her goat along with her, and offered it in part of

payment of the debt, as ſhe had no more money left; but the ſchool-miſtreſs would not receive the goat; ſhe ſaid, that ſhe could afford to wait for her money, till Mary was able to pay it; that ſhe knew her to be an honeſt, induſtrious little girl, and ſhe would truſt her with more than a guinea. Mary thanked her; and ſhe was glad to take the goat home again, as ſhe was very fond of it.

Now being ſettled in their houſe, they went every day regularly to work: Mary ſpun nine cuts a-day, beſides doing all that was to be done in the houſe; Edmund got fourpence a-day by his work; and Peggy and Anne earned twopence a-piece, at the paper-mills near Navan, where they were employed to ſort rags, and to cut them into ſmall pieces.

When they had done work one day, Anne went to the maſter of the paper-

mill, and aſked him if ſhe might have two ſheets of large white paper, which were lying on the preſs; ſhe offered a penny for the paper, but the maſter would not take any thing from her, but gave her the paper, when he found, that ſhe wanted it to make a garland for her mother's grave. Anne and Peggy cut out the garland, and Mary, when it was finiſhed, went along with them and Edmund, to put it up: it was juſt a month after their mother's death *.

It happened that, at the time the orphans were putting up this garland, two young ladies, who were returning home after their evening walk, ſtopped at the gate of the church-yard, to look at the red light, which the ſetting ſun caſt upon the windows of the church.

* Garlands are uſually put on the graves of young people: theſe children, perhaps, did not know this.

As the ladies were ſtanding at the gate, they heard a voice near them crying—"O mother! mother! Are you gone for ever!"—They could not ſee any one; ſo they walked ſoftly round to the other ſide of the church; and there they ſaw Mary, kneeling beſide a grave, on which her brother and ſiſters were hanging their white garland.

The children all ſtood ſtill, when they ſaw the two ladies paſſing near them; but Mary did not know any body was paſſing, for her face was hid in her hands.

Iſabella and Caroline (ſo theſe ladies were called), would not diſturb the poor children, but they ſtopped in the village to inquire about them. It was at the houſe of the ſchool-miſtreſs, that they ſtopped; and ſhe gave them a good account of theſe orphans: ſhe particularly commended Mary's honeſty, in having immediately paid all

her mother's debts to the utmoſt farthing, as far as her money would go: ſhe told the ladies, how Mary had been turned out of her houſe, and how ſhe had offered her goat, of which ſhe was very fond, to diſcharge a debt due for her ſchooling; and, in ſhort, the ſchool-miſtreſs, who had known Mary for ſeveral years, ſpoke ſo well of her, that theſe ladies reſolved, that they would go to the old caſtle of Roſsmore, to ſee her, the next day.

When they went there, they found the room, in which the children lived, as clean and neat, as ſuch a ruined place could be made. Edmund was out working with a farmer, Mary was ſpinning, and her little ſiſters were meaſuring out ſome bog-berries, of which they had gathered a baſket-full, for ſale.—Iſabella, after telling Mary what an excellent character ſhe had heard of her, inquired what it was ſhe moſt wanted;

and Mary ſaid, that ſhe had juſt worked up all her flax, and ſhe was moſt in want of more flax for her wheel.

Iſabella promiſed, that ſhe would ſend her a freſh ſupply of flax, and Caroline bought the bog-berries from the little girls, and gave them money enough to buy a pound of coarſe cotton for knitting, as Mary ſaid, that ſhe could teach them how to knit.

The ſupply of flax, which Iſabella ſent the next day, was of great ſervice to Mary, as it kept her in employment for above a month; and when ſhe ſold the yarn which ſhe had ſpun with it, ſhe had money enough to buy ſome warm flannel, for winter wear.—Beſides ſpinning well, ſhe had learned, at ſchool, to do plain-work tolerably neatly, and Iſabella and Caroline employed her to work for them; by which ſhe earned a great deal more than ſhe could by ſpinning. At her leiſure hours, ſhe taught her

ſiſters to read and write; and Edmund, with part of the money which he earned by his work out of doors, paid a ſchool-maſter for teaching him a little arithmetic. When the winter nights came on, he uſed to light his ruſh candles for Mary to work by. He had gathered and ſtripped a good proviſion of ruſhes, in the month of Auguſt; and a neighbour gave him greaſe to dip them in.

One evening, juſt as he had lighted his candle, a footman came in, who was ſent by Iſabella with ſome plain-work to Mary. This ſervant was an Engliſhman; and he was but newly come over to Ireland. The ruſh-candles caught his attention; for he had never ſeen any of them before, as he came from a part of England where they were not uſed *.

* See Whyte's "Natural Hiſtory of Selbourne," page 198, quarto edition. This elo-

Edmund, who was ready to oblige, and proud that his candles were noticed, ſhewed the Engliſhman how they

quent, well-informed, and benevolent writer, thought that no ſubject of rural economy, which could be of general utility, was beneath his notice. We cannot forbear quoting from him the following paſſage:—

"The proper ſpecies of ruſh for *our* purpoſe ſeems to be the *juncus effuſus*, or common ſoft ruſh, which is to be found in moiſt paſtures, by the ſides of ſtreams, and under hedges. Theſe ruſhes are in beſt condition in the height of ſummer, but may be gathered ſo as to ſerve the purpoſe well, quite on to autumn. It would be needleſs to add, that the largeſt and longeſt are beſt. Decayed labourers, women, and children, make it their buſineſs to procure and prepare them. As ſoon as they are cut, they muſt be flung into water, and kept there; for otherwiſe they will dry and ſhrink, and the peel will not run. At firſt, a perſon would find it no eaſy matter to diveſt a ruſh of its peel or rind, ſo as to leave one regular, narrow, even rib, from top to bottom, that may ſupport the

were made, and gave him a bundle of ruſhes. The ſervant was pleaſed with his good-nature in this trifling inſtance,

pith: but this, like other feats, ſoon becomes familiar, even to children; and we have ſeen an old woman, ſtone blind, performing this buſineſs with great diſpatch, and ſeldom failing to ſtrip them with the niceſt regularity. When theſe *junci* are thus far prepared, they muſt lie out on the graſs to be bleached, and take the dew for ſome nights, and afterwards be dried in the ſun. Some addreſs is required in dipping theſe ruſhes in the ſcalding fat or greaſe; but this knack is alſo to be attained by practice.....A pound of common greaſe may be procured for four-pence, and about ſix pounds of greaſe will dip a pound of ruſhes, and one pound of ruſhes may be bought for one ſhilling; ſo that a pound of ruſhes, medicated and ready for uſe, will coſt three ſhillings. If men that keep bees will mix a little wax with the greaſe, it will give it a conſiſtency, and render it more cleanly, and make the ruſhes burn longer. Mutton ſuet would have the ſame effect.

"A good ruſh, which meaſured in length two feet four inches, being minuted, burnt only

and remembered it long after it was forgotten by Edmund.

Whenever his maſter wanted to ſend a meſſenger any where, Gilbert (for that

three minutes ſhort of an hour....In a pound of dry ruſhes, avoirdupois, which I cauſed to be weighed and numbered, we found upwards of one thouſand ſix hundred individuals. Now ſuppoſe each of theſe burns, one with another, only half an hour, then a poor man will purchaſe eight hundred hours of light, a time exceeding thirty-three entire days, for three ſhillings. According to this account, each ruſh, before dipping, coſts $\frac{1}{33}$ of a farthing, and $\frac{1}{11}$ afterwards. Thus a poor family will enjoy five hours and a half of comfortable light for a farthing. An experienced old houſekeeper aſſures me, that one pound and a half of ruſhes completely ſupply his family the year round, ſince working people burn no candles in the long days, becauſe they riſe and go to bed by day-light.

"Little farmers uſe ruſhes much in the ſhort days, both morning and evening, in the dairy and kitchen; but the very poor, who are al-

was the ſervant's name) always employed his little friend Edmund, whom, upon further acquaintance, he liked better and better. He found that Edmund was both quick and exact in executing commiſſions. One day, after he had waited a great while at a gentleman's houſe for an anſwer to a letter, he was ſo impatient to get home, that he ran off without it. When he was queſtioned by Gilbert, why he did not bring an anſwer, he did not attempt to make

ways the worſt economiſts, and therefore muſt continue very poor, buy a halfpenny candle every evening, which, in their blowing, open rooms, does not burn much more than two hours. Thus they have only two hours light for their money, inſtead of eleven."

If Mr. Whyte had taken the trouble of extending his calculations, he would have found, that the ſeemingly trifling article of economy which he recommends, would ſave to the nation a ſum equal to the produce of a burdenſome tax.

any excuſe: he did not ſay, "*There was no anſwer, pleaſe your honour*," or, "*They bid me not wait*," &c. but he told exactly the truth; and though Gilbert ſcolded him for being ſo impatient as not to wait, yet his telling the truth was more to the boy's advantage, than any excuſe he could have made. After this, he was always believed when he ſaid, "*There was no anſwer*," or, "*They bid me not wait*;" for Gilbert knew, that he would not tell a lie to ſave himſelf from being ſcolded.

The orphans continued to aſſiſt one another in their work, according to their ſtrength and abilities; and they went on in this manner for three years; and with what Mary got by her ſpinning and plain-work, and Edmund by leading of car-horſes, going on errands, &c. and with little Peggy and Anne's earnings, the family contrived to live com-

fortably. Iſabella and Caroline often viſited them, and ſometimes gave them clothes, and ſometimes flax or cotton for their ſpinning and knitting; and theſe children did not *expect*, that, becauſe the ladies did ſomething for them, they ſhould do every thing: they did not grow idle or waſteful.

When Edmund was about twelve years old, his friend Gilbert ſent for him one day, and told him, that his maſter had given him leave, to have a boy in the houſe to aſſiſt him, and that his maſter told him he might chooſe one in the neighbourhood. Several were anxious to get into ſuch a good place; but Gilbert ſaid, that he preferred Edmund before them all, becauſe he knew him to be an induſtrious, honeſt, good-natured lad, who always told the truth. So Edmund went into ſervice at *the vicarage*; and his maſter was the father of Iſabella and Caroline. He found his

new way of life very pleaſant; for he was well fed, well clothed, and well treated; and he every day learned more of his buſineſs, in which at firſt he was rather awkward. He was mindful to do all, that Mr. Gilbert required of him; and he was ſo obliging to all his fellow ſervants, that they could not help liking him; but there was one thing, which was at firſt rather diſagreeable to him: he was obliged to wear ſhoes and ſtockings, and they hurt his feet. Beſides this, when he waited at dinner, he made ſuch a noiſe in walking, that his fellow ſervants laughed at him. He told his ſiſter Mary of this his diſtreſs; and ſhe made for him, after many trials, a pair of cloth ſhoes, with ſoles of platted hemp *. In theſe he could walk, without making the leaſt noiſe; and as theſe ſhoes could not be worn

* The author has ſeen a pair of ſhoes, ſuch as are here deſcribed, made in a few hours.

out of doors, he was always ſure to change them before he went out of doors; and conſequently he had always clean ſhoes, to wear in the houſe. It was ſoon remarked by the men-ſervants, that he had left off clumping ſo heavily; and it was obſerved by the maids, that he never dirtied the ſtairs or paſſages with his ſhoes. When he was praiſed for theſe things, he ſaid it was his ſiſter Mary who ſhould be thanked, and not he; and he ſhewed the ſhoes, which ſhe had made for him.

Iſabella's maid beſpoke a pair immediately, and ſent Mary a piece of pretty callico for the outſide. The laſt-maker made a laſt for her, and over this Mary ſewed the callico vamps tight. Her brother adviſed her, to try platted packthread inſtead of hemp for the ſoles; and ſhe found, that this looked more neat than the hemp ſoles, and was likely to laſt longer. She platted the

packthread together in ſtrands of about half an inch thick; and theſe were ſewed firmly together at the bottom of the ſhoe. When they were finiſhed, they fitted well, and the maid ſhewed them to her miſtreſs. Iſabella and Caroline were ſo well pleaſed with Mary's ingenuity and kindneſs to her brother, that they beſpoke from her two dozen of theſe ſhoes, and gave her three yards of coloured fuſtian to make them of, and galoon for the binding. When the ſhoes were completed, Iſabella and Caroline diſpoſed of them for her amongſt their acquaintance, and got three ſhillings a pair for them. The young ladies, as ſoon as they had collected the money, walked to the old caſtle, where they found every thing neat and clean as uſual. They had great pleaſure in giving to this induſtrious girl the reward of her ingenuity, which ſhe received with ſome ſurpriſe and more gratitude. They

adviſed her, to continue the ſhoe-making trade, as they found the ſhoes were liked, and they knew that they could have a ſale for them at the *Repoſitory* in Dublin.

Mary, encouraged by theſe kind friends, went on with her little manufacture with increaſed activity. Peggy and Anne platted the packthread, and paſted the vamps and the lining together ready for her. Edmund was allowed to come home for an hour every morning, provided he was back again before eight o'clock. It was ſummer time, and he got up early, becauſe he liked to go home to ſee his ſiſters, and he took his ſhare in their manufactory. It was his buſineſs to hammer the ſoles flat; and as ſoon as he came home every morning, he performed his taſk with ſo much cheerfulneſs, and ſung ſo merrily at his work, that the hour of his

arrival was always an hour of joy to the family.

Mary had preſently employment enough upon her hands. Orders came to her for ſhoes from many families in the neighbourhood, and ſhe could not get them finiſhed faſt enough. She, however, in the midſt of her hurry, found time to make a very pretty pair with neat roſes as a preſent for her ſchool-miſtreſs, who, now that ſhe ſaw her pupil in a good way of buſineſs, conſented to receive the amount of her old debt. Several of the children, who went to her ſchool, were delighted with the ſight of Mary's preſent, and went to the little manufactory at Roſsmore caſtle, to find out how theſe ſhoes were made. Some went from curioſity, others from idleneſs; but when they ſaw how happy the little ſhoe-makers ſeemed whilſt buſy at work, they longed

to take ſome ſhare in what was going forward. One begged Mary to let her plat ſome packthread for the ſoles; another helped Peggy and Anne to paſte in the linings; and all who could get employment were pleaſed, for the idle ones were ſhoved out of the way. It became a cuſtom with the children of the village, to reſort to the old caſtle at their play hours; and it was ſurpriſing to ſee how much was done by ten or twelve of them, each doing but a little at a time.

One morning Edmund and the little manufacturers were aſſembled very early, and they were buſy at their work, all ſitting round the meal cheſt, which ſerved them for a table.

"My hands muſt be waſhed," ſaid George, a little boy who came running in; "I ran ſo faſt that I might be in time, to go to work along with you all, that I tumbled down, and look how I

have dirtied my hands. Moſt haſte worſt ſpeed. My hands muſt be waſhed before I can do any thing."

Whilſt George was waſhing his hands, two other little children, who had juſt finiſhed their morning's work, came to him to beg, that he would blow ſome ſoap bubbles for them, and they were all three eagerly blowing bubbles, and watching them mount into the air, when ſuddenly they were ſtartled by a noiſe as loud as thunder; they were in a ſort of outer court of the caſtle, next to the room in which all their companions were at work, and they ran precipitately into the room, exclaiming, "Did you hear that noiſe?"

"I thought I heard a clap of thunder," ſaid Mary; "but why do you look ſo frightened?"

As ſhe finiſhed ſpeaking, another and a louder noiſe, and the walls round about them ſhook. The children turn-

ed pale, and ſtood motionleſs; but Edmund threw down his hammer, and ran out to ſee what was the matter. Mary followed him, and they ſaw that a great chimney of the old ruins at the fartheſt ſide of the caſtle had fallen down, and this was the cauſe of the prodigious noiſe.

The part of the caſtle in which they lived, ſeemed, as Edmund ſaid, to be perfectly ſafe; but the children of the village were terrified, and thinking that the whole would come tumbling down directly, they ran to their homes as faſt as they could. Edmund, who was a courageous lad, and proud of ſhewing his courage, laughed at their cowardice; but Mary, who was very prudent, perſuaded her brother to aſk an experienced maſon, who was building at his maſter's, to come and give his opinion, whether their part of the caſtle was ſafe to live

in or not. The maſon came, and gave it as his opinion, that the rooms they inhabited might laſt through the winter, but that no part of the ruins could ſtand another year. Mary was ſorry to leave a place of which ſhe had grown fond, poor as it was, having lived in it in peace and content ever ſince her mother's death, which was now nearly four years; but ſhe determined, to look out for ſome other place to live in; and ſhe had now money enough, to pay the rent of a comfortable cabin. Without loſing any time, ſhe went to a village, that was at the end of the avenue, leading to *the vicarage*, for ſhe wiſhed to get a lodging in this village, becauſe it was ſo near to her brother, and to the ladies who had been ſo kind to her; ſhe found, that there was one newly built houſe in this village unoccupied; it belonged to Mr. Harvey, her landlord, who was ſtill in England; it was ſlated,

and neatly fitted up within ſide; but the rent of it was ſix guineas a year, and this was far above what Mary could afford to pay; three guineas a year ſhe thought was the higheſt rent, for which ſhe could venture to engage; beſides, ſhe heard that ſeveral propoſals had been made to Mr. Harvey for this houſe; and ſhe knew, that Mr. Hopkins, the agent, was not her friend; therefore ſhe deſpaired of getting it. There was no other to be had in this village. Her brother was ſtill more vexed than ſhe was, that ſhe could not find a place near him. He offered to give a guinea yearly towards the rent out of his wages; and Mr. Gilbert ſpoke about it for him to the ſteward, and inquired whether amongſt any of thoſe who had given in propoſals, there might not be one, who would be content with a part of the houſe, and who would join with Mary in paying the

rent. None could be found but a woman, who was a great ſcold, and a man who was famous for going to law about every trifle with his neighbours. Mary did not chooſe to have any thing to do with theſe people; ſhe did not like to ſpeak either to Miſs Iſabella or Caroline about it, becauſe ſhe was not of an encroaching temper; and when they had done ſo much for her, ſhe would have been aſhamed to beg for more. She returned home to the old caſtle, mortified that ſhe had no good news to tell Anne and Peggy, who ſhe knew expected to hear, that ſhe had found a nice houſe for them in the village near their brother.

"Bad news for you, Peggy," cried ſhe, as ſoon as ſhe got home.

"And bad news for you, Mary," replied her ſiſters, who looked very ſorrowful.

"What's the matter?"

"Your poor goat is dead," replied Peggy; "there ſhe is yonder lying under the great corner ſtone; you can juſt ſee her leg. We cannot lift the ſtone from off her, it is ſo heavy. Betſey, (*one of the neighbours girls*) ſays ſhe remembers, when ſhe came to us to work early this morning, ſhe ſaw the goat rubbing itſelf, and butting with its horns againſt that old tottering chimney."

"Many's the time," ſaid Mary, "that I have driven the poor thing away from that place; I was always afraid, ſhe would ſhake that great ugly ſtone down upon her at laſt."

The goat, who had long been the favourite of Mary and her ſiſters, was lamented by them all. When Edmund came, he helped them to move the great ſtone from off the poor animal, who was cruſhed ſo as to be a terrible ſight. As they were moving away this ſtone,

in order to bury the goat, Anne found an odd looking piece of money, which ſeemed neither like a halfpenny, nor a ſhilling, nor a guinea.

"Here are more, a great many more of them," cried Peggy; and upon ſearching amongſt the rubbiſh, they diſcovered a ſmall iron pot, which ſeemed as if it had been filled with theſe coins, as a vaſt number of them were found about the ſpot where it fell. On examining theſe coins, Edmund thought that ſeveral of them looked like gold; and the girls exclaimed with great joy—"O, Mary! Mary! this is come to us juſt in right time—now you can pay for the ſlated houſe. Never was any thing ſo lucky."

But Mary, though nothing could have pleaſed her better, than to have been able to pay for the houſe, obſerved, that they could not honeſtly touch any of this treaſure, as it belonged to the

owner of the caſtle. Edmund agreed with her, that they ought to carry it all immediately to Mr. Hopkins, the agent. Peggy and Anne were convinced by what Mary ſaid, and they begged to go along with her and their brother, to take the coins to Mr. Hopkins. In their way they ſtopped at the vicarage, to ſhew the treaſure to Mr. Gilbert, who took it to the young ladies, Iſabella and Caroline, and told them how it had been found.

It is not only by their ſuperior riches, but it is yet more by their ſuperior knowledge, that perſons in the higher ranks of life may aſſiſt thoſe in a lower condition.

Iſabella, who had ſome knowledge of chemiſtry, diſcovered, by touching the coins with aqua regia (the only acid which affects gold) that ſeveral of them were of gold, and conſequently of great value. Caroline alſo found out, that

many of the coins were very valuable as curioſities. She recollected her father's having ſhewn to her the prints of the coins at the end of each king's reign, in Rapin's hiſtory of England; and upon comparing theſe impreſſions with the coins found by the orphans, ſhe perceived, that many of them were of the reign of Henry the ſeventh.

People who are fond of collecting coins ſet a great value on theſe, as they are very ſcarce. Iſabella and Caroline knowing ſomething of the character of Mr. Hopkins, the agent, had the precaution to count the coins, and to mark each of them with a croſs, ſo ſmall that it was ſcarcely viſible to the naked eye, though it was eaſily to be ſeen through a magnifying glaſs. They alſo begged their father, who was well acquainted with Mr. Harvey, the gentleman to whom Roſsmore Caſtle belonged, to write to him, and tell him

how well theſe orphans had behaved about the treaſure, which they had found. The value of the coins was eſtimated at about thirty or forty guineas.

A few days after the fall of the chimney at Roſsmore caſtle, as Mary and her ſiſters were ſitting at their work, there came hobbling in an old woman, leaning on a crab-ſtick, that ſeemed to have been newly cut: ſhe had a broken tobacco-pipe in her mouth; her head was wrapped up in two large red and blue handkerchiefs, with their crooked corners hanging far down over the back of her neck; no ſhoes on her broad feet, nor ſtockings on her many-coloured legs; her petticoat was jagged at the bottom, and the ſkirt of her gown turned up over her ſhoulders, to ſerve inſtead of her cloak, which ſhe had ſold for whiſkey. This old woman was well known amongſt the country

people by the name of *Goody Grope**: becauſe ſhe had, for many years, been in the habit of groping in old caſtles, and in moats †, and at the bottom of a round tower ‡ in the neighbourhood, in ſearch of treaſure. In her youth ſhe had heard ſome one talking, in a whiſper, of an old propheſy, found in a bog, which ſaid that "before many St. Patrick's days ſhould come about, there would be found a treaſure under ground, by one within twenty miles round."

This propheſy made a deep impreſſion upon her; ſhe alſo dreamed of it

* *Goody* is not a word uſed in Ireland; *Collyogh* is the Iriſh appellation of an old woman: but as *Collyogh* might ſound ſtrangely to Engliſh ears, we have tranſlated it by the word Goody.

† What are in Ireland called moats, are, in England, called Daniſh mounts, or barrows.

‡ Near Kells, in Ireland, there is a round tower, which was in imminent danger of being pulled down by an old woman's rooting at its foundation, in hopes of finding treaſure.

three times; and as the dream, ſhe thought, was a ſure token that the propheſy was to come true, ſhe, from that time forwards, gave up her ſpinning wheel, and her knitting, and could think of nothing but hunting for the treaſure, that was to be found by one "*within twenty miles round.*"—Year after year St. Patrick's day came about, without her ever finding a farthing by all her groping; and as ſhe was always idle, ſhe grew poorer and poorer; beſides, to comfort herſelf for her diſappointments, and to give her ſpirits for freſh ſearches, ſhe took to drinking: ſhe ſold all ſhe had by degrees; but ſtill ſhe fancied, that the lucky day would come ſooner or later, *that would pay for all.*

Goody Grope, however, reached her ſixtieth year, without ever ſeeing this lucky day; and now, in her old age, ſhe was a beggar, without a houſe to

ſhelter her, a bed to lie on, or food to put into her mouth, but what ſhe begged from the charity of thoſe, who had truſted more than ſhe had to induſtry, and leſs to *luck*.

"Ah! Mary, honey!—give me a potatoe, and a ſup of ſomething, for the love o' mercy; for not a bit have I had all day, except half a glaſs of whiſkey, and a half-pennyworth of tobacco!"

Mary immediately ſet before her ſome milk, and picked a good potatoe out of the bowl for her; ſhe was ſorry to ſee ſuch an old woman in ſuch a wretched condition. Goody Grope ſaid ſhe would rather have ſpirits of ſome kind or other than milk; but Mary had no ſpirits to give her; ſo ſhe ſat herſelf down cloſe to the fire, and after ſhe had ſighed and groaned, and ſmoaked for ſome time, ſhe ſaid to Mary—

"Well, and what have you done with the treaſure you had the luck to find?"

Mary told her, that ſhe had carried it to Mr. Hopkins, the agent.

"That's not what I would have done in your place," replied the old woman.—"When good-luck came to you, what a ſhame to turn your back upon it!—but it is idle talking of what's done—that's paſt—but I'll try my luck in this here caſtle before next St. Patrick's day comes about: I was told it was more than twenty miles from our bog, or I would have been here long ago:—but better late than never."

Mary was much alarmed, and not without reaſon, at this ſpeech: for ſhe knew, that if Goody Grope once ſet to work at the foundation of the old caſtle of Roſsmore, ſhe would ſoon bring it all down. It was in vain to talk to Goody Grope of the danger of burying herſelf under the ruins, or of the improbability of her meeting with another pot of gold coins. She ſet her elbow upon her

knees, and ſtopping her ears with her hands, bid Mary and her ſiſters not to waſte their breath adviſing their elders; for that, let them ſay what they would, ſhe would fall to work the next morning: "*barring* * you'll make it worth my while to let it alone."

"And what will make it worth your while to let it alone?" ſaid Mary, who ſaw, that ſhe muſt either get into a quarrel, or give up her habitation, or comply with the conditions of this provoking old woman.

Half a crown, Goody Grope ſaid, was the leaſt ſhe could be content to take.

Mary paid the half crown, and was in hopes ſhe had got rid for ever of her tormentor: but ſhe was miſtaken; for ſcarcely was the week at an end, before the old woman appeared before her again, and repeated her threats of falling

* Unleſs.

to work the next morning, unleſs ſhe had ſomething given to her to buy tobacco.

The next day, and the next, and the next, Goody Grope came on the ſame errand; and poor Mary, who could ill afford to ſupply her conſtantly with halfpence, at laſt exclaimed—"I am ſure the finding of this treaſure has not been any good-luck to us, but quite the contrary; and I wiſh we never had found it."

Mary did not yet know how much ſhe was to ſuffer on account of this unfortunate pot of gold coins. Mr. Hopkins, the agent, imagined, that no one knew of the diſcovery of this treaſure but himſelf and theſe poor children: ſo, not being as honeſt as they were, he reſolved to keep it for his own uſe. He was ſurprized ſome weeks afterwards, to receive a letter from his employer, Mr. Harvey, demanding from him

the coins, which had been discovered at Rosmore castle. Hopkins had sold the gold coins, and some of the others; but he flattered himself that the children, and the young ladies to whom he now found they had been shewn, could not tell whether what they had seen were gold or not; and he was not in the least apprehensive, that those of Henry the seventh's reign should be reclaimed from him, as he thought they had escaped attention. So he sent over the silver coins, and others of little value, and apologised for his not having mentioned them before, by saying, that he considered them as mere rubbish.

Mr. Harvey, in reply, observed, that he could not consider as rubbish the gold coins, which were amongst them when they were discovered; and he inquired why these gold coins, and those of the reign of Henry the seventh, were not now sent to him.

Mr. Hopkins denied, that he had ever received any ſuch; but he was thunder-ſtruck when Mr. Harvey, in reply to this falſehood, ſent him a liſt of the coins, which the orphans had depoſited with him, and exact drawings of thoſe that were miſſing. He informed him, that this liſt and theſe drawings came from two ladies, who had ſeen the coins in queſtion.

Mr. Hopkins thought, that he had no means of eſcape but by boldly perſiſting in falſehood. He replied, that it was very likely ſuch coins had been found at Roſsmore caſtle, and that the ladies alluded to had probably ſeen them; but he poſitively declared, that they never came to his hands; that he had reſtored all that were depoſited with him; and that as to the others, he ſuppoſed they muſt have been taken out of the pot by the children, or by

Edmund or Mary, in their way from the ladies' houſe to his.

The orphans were ſhocked and aſtoniſhed when they heard, from Iſabella and Caroline, the charge that was made againſt them: they looked at one another in ſilence for ſome moments; then Peggy exclaimed—"*Sure!* Mr. Hopkins has forgotten himſelf ſtrangely!—Does not he remember Edmund's counting the things to him upon the great table in his hall, and we all ſtanding by?—I remember it as well as if it was this inſtant."—

"And ſo do I," cried Anne. "And don't you recollect, Mary, your picking out the gold ones, and telling Mr. Hopkins, that they were gold; and he ſaid you knew nothing of the matter; and I was going to tell him, that Miſs Iſabella had tried them, and knew that they were gold; but juſt then there came in ſome tenants to pay their rent,

and he puſhed us out, and twitched from my hand the piece of gold, which I had taken up to ſhew him the bright ſpot, which Miſs Iſabella had cleaned by the ſtuff that ſhe had poured on it. I believe he was afraid I ſhould ſteal it, he twitched it from my hand in ſuch a hurry.—Do, Edmund, do Mary—let us go to him, and put him in mind of all this."

"I'll go to him no more," ſaid Edmund, ſturdily. "He is a bad man—I'll never go near him again.—Mary, don't be caſt down—we have no need to be caſt down—we are honeſt."

"True," ſaid Mary; "but is not it a hard caſe, that we, who have lived, as my mother did all her life before us, in peace and honeſty with all the world, ſhould now have our good name taken from us, when——" Mary's voice faultered and ſtopped.

"It can't be taken from us," cried Edmund, "poor orphans though we are, and he a rich gentleman, as he calls himself. Let him say and do what he will, he can't hurt our good name."

Edmund was mistaken, alas! and Mary had but too much reason for her fears. The affair was a great deal talked of; and the agent spared no pains, to have the story told his own way. The orphans, conscious of their own innocence, took no pains about the matter; and the consequence was, that all, who knew them well, had no doubt of their honesty; but many, who knew nothing of them, concluded that the agent must be in the right, and the children in the wrong. The buz of scandal went on for some time without reaching their ears, because they lived very retiredly: but one day, when Mary went to sell some stockings of Peggy's knitting, at a neighbouring fair,

the man to whom ſhe ſold them bid her write her name on the back of a note, and exclaimed, on ſeeing it—"Ho! Ho! miſtreſs: I'd not have had any dealings with you, had I known your name ſooner:—Where's the gold that you found at Roſsmore caſtle?"

It was in vain that Mary related the fact; ſhe ſaw that ſhe gained no belief, as her character was not known to this man, or to any of thoſe who were preſent. She left the fair as ſoon as ſhe could; and though ſhe ſtruggled againſt it, ſhe felt very melancholy. Still ſhe exerted herſelf every day at her little manufacture; and ſhe endeavoured to conſole herſelf by reflecting, that ſhe had two friends left, who would not give up her character, and who continued ſteadily to protect her and her ſiſters.

Iſabella and Caroline every where aſſerted their belief in the integrity of the orphans; but to prove it was in this in-

ſtance out of their power, Mr. Hopkins, the agent, and his friends, conſtantly repeated, that the gold coins were taken away in coming from their houſe to his; and theſe ladies were blamed by many people for continuing to countenance thoſe, that were, with great reaſon, ſuſpected to be thieves. The orphans were in a worſe condition than ever when the winter came on, and their benefactreſſes left the country, to ſpend ſome months in Dublin. The old caſtle, it was true, was likely to laſt through the winter, as the maſon ſaid; but though the want of a comfortable houſe to live in was, a little while ago, the uppermoſt thing in Mary's thoughts, now it was not ſo.

One night, as Mary was going to bed, ſhe heard ſome one knocking hard at the door:—"Mary, are you up?—let us in,"—cried a voice, which ſhe knew to be the voice of Betſy Green,

the poſtmaſter's daughter, who lived in the village near them.

She let Betſy in, and aſked what ſhe could want at ſuch a time of night.

"Give me ſixpence, and I'll tell you," ſaid Betſy;—"but waken Anne and Peggy.——Here's a letter juſt come by the poſt for you, and I ſtepped over to you with it; becauſe I gueſſed you'd be glad to have it, ſeeing it is your brother's hand writing."

Peggy and Anne were ſoon rouſed, when they heard that there was a letter from Edmund. It was by one of his ruſh candles that Mary read it; and the letter was as follows:—

"Dear Mary, Nancy, and little Peg,

"Joy! joy!—I always ſaid the truth would come out at laſt; and that he could not take our good name from us.—But I will not tell you how it all came about till we meet, which will be next week, as we are (I mean maſter and

miſtreſs, and the young ladies, God bleſs them!—and Mr. Gilbert and I are coming down to the vicarage to keep the Chriſtmas:—and a happy Chriſtmas 'tis likely to be for honeſt folks: as for they that are not honeſt, it is not for them to expect to be happy, at Chriſtmas or any other time.—You ſhall know all when we meet: ſo, till then, fare ye well dear Mary, Nancy, and little Peg!

"Your joyful and affectionate brother,

"EDMUND."

To comprehend why Edmund is joyful, our readers muſt be informed of certain things, which happened after Iſabella and Caroline went to Dublin.—One morning they went with their father and mother to ſee the magnificent library of a nobleman, who took generous and polite pleaſure in thus ſharing the advantages of his wealth and ſtation with all, who had any pretenſions to

ſcience or literature. Knowing that the gentleman, who was now come to ſee his library, was ſkilled in antiquities, the nobleman opened a drawer of medals, to aſk his opinion concerning the age of ſome coins, which he had lately purchaſed at a high price. They were the very ſame, which the orphans had found at Roſsmore caſtle. Iſabella and Caroline knew them again inſtantly; and as the croſs, which Iſabella had made on each of them, was ſtill viſible through a magnifying glaſs, there could be no poſſibility of doubt.

The nobleman, who was much intereſted both by the ſtory of theſe orphans, and the manner in which it was told to him, ſent immediately for the perſon, from whom he had purchaſed the coins. He was a jew broker. At firſt he refuſed to tell from whom he got them, becauſe he had bought them, he ſaid, under a promiſe of ſecreſy. Being

further preſſed, he acknowledged, that it was made a condition in his bargain, that he ſhould not ſell them to any one in Ireland; but that he had been tempted by the high price Lord ——— had offered.

At laſt, when the jew was informed, that the coins were ſtolen, and that he would be proceeded againſt as a receiver of ſtolen goods, if he did not confeſs the whole truth, he declared, that he had purchaſed them from a gentleman, whom he had never ſeen before or ſince; but he added, that he could ſwear to his perſon, if he ſaw him again.

Now Mr. Hopkins, the agent, was at this time in Dublin, and Caroline's father poſted the jew, the next day, in the back parlour of a banker's houſe, with whom Mr. Hopkins had, on this day, appointed to ſettle ſome accounts. —Mr. Hopkins came—the jew knew him—ſwore that he was the man, who

had ſold the coins to him;—and thus the guilt of the agent, and the innocence of the orphans, were completely proved.

A full account of all that happened was ſent to England to Mr. Harvey, their landlord; and, a few poſts afterwards, there came a letter from him, containing a diſmiſſal of the diſhoneſt agent, and a reward for the honeſt and induſtrious orphans. Mr. Harvey deſired, that Mary and her ſiſters might have the ſlated houſe, rent free, from this time forward, under the care of the ladies Iſabella and Caroline, as long as Mary or her ſiſters ſhould carry on in it any uſeful buſineſs. This was the joyful news, which Edmund had to tell his ſiſters.

All the neighbours ſhared in their joy; and the day of their removal from the ruins of Roſsmore caſtle to their new houſe was the happieſt of the Chriſtmas holidays. They were not envied for their

proſperity; becauſe every body ſaw, that it was the reward of their good conduct; every body except Goody Grope: ſhe exclaimed, as ſhe wrung her hands with violent expreſſions of ſorrow—"Bad luck to me! bad luck to me!—Why didn't I go ſooner to that there caſtle! It is all luck, all luck in this world; but I never had no luck. Think o' the luck of theſe *childer*, that have found a pot of gold, and ſuch great grand friends, and a ſlated houſe, and all: and here am I, with ſcarce a rag to cover me, and not a potatoe to put into my mouth! I, that have been looking under ground all my days for treaſure, not to have a halfpenny at the laſt, to buy me tobacco!"

"That is the very reaſon that you have not a halfpenny," ſaid Betſy: "here Mary has been working hard, and ſo have her two little ſiſters and her brother, for theſe five years paſt; and

they have made money for themſelves by their own induſtry—and friends too—not by luck, but by——"

"Phoo! phoo!" interrupted Goody Grope; "don't be prating; don't I know, as well as you do, that they found a pot of gold, by *good-luck*; and is not that the cauſe why they are going to live in the ſlated houſe now?"

"No," replied the poſtmaſter's daughter; "this houſe is given to them *as a reward*—that was the word in the letter, for I ſaw it, Edmund ſhewed it to me, and will ſhew it to any body that wants to ſee. This houſe was given to them "*as a reward for their honeſty.*"

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT;

OR,

TWO STRINGS TO YOUR BOW.

MR. Greſham, a Briſtol merchant, who had, by honourable induſtry and œconomy, accumulated a conſiderable fortune, retired from buſineſs to a new houſe, which he had built upon the Downs, near Clifton. Mr. Greſham, however, did not imagine, that a new houſe, alone, could make him happy: he did not propoſe, to live in idleneſs and extravagance; for ſuch a life would have been equally incompatible with his habits and his principles. He was fond of children, and as he had no ſons, he determined to adopt one of his relations. He had two nephews, and he invited both of them to his houſe, that

he might have an opportunity of judging of their diſpoſitions, and of the habits which they had acquired.

Hal and Benjamin, Mr. Greſham's nephews, were about ten years old; they had been educated very differently: Hal was the ſon of the elder branch of the family; his father was a gentleman, who ſpent rather more than he could afford; and Hal, from the example of the ſervants in his father's family, with whom he had paſſed the firſt years of his childhood, learned to waſte more of every thing than he uſed. He had been told, that "gentlemen ſhould be above being careful and ſaving;" and he had unfortunately imbibed a notion, that extravagance is the ſign of a generous, and œconomy of an avaricious diſpoſition.

Benjamin*, on the contrary, had been taught habits of care and fore-

* Benjamin, ſo called from Dr. Benjamin Franklin.

ſight: his father had but a very ſmall fortune, and was anxious, that his ſon ſhould early learn, that œconomy enſures independence, and ſometimes puts it in the power of thoſe, who are not very rich, to be very generous.

The morning after theſe two boys arrived at their uncle's, they were eager to ſee all the rooms in the houſe. Mr. Greſham accompanied them, and attended to their remarks, and exclamations.

"O! what an excellent motto!"—exclaimed Ben, when he read the following words, which were written in large characters, over the chimney-piece, in his uncle's ſpacious kitchen—

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT.

"Waſte not, want not!" repeated his couſin Hal, in rather a contemptuous tone;—"I think it looks ſtingy to ſervants; and no gentleman's ſervants, cooks eſpecially, would like to have

ſuch a mean motto always ſtaring them in the face."

Ben, who was not ſo converſant as his couſin in the ways of cooks and gentlemen's ſervants, made no reply to theſe obſervations.

Mr. Greſham was called away whilſt his nephews were looking at the other rooms in the houſe. Some time afterwards, he heard their voices in the hall.

"Boys," ſaid he, "what are you doing there?"

"Nothing, ſir," ſaid Hal; "you were called away from us; and we did not know which way to go."

"And have you nothing to do?" ſaid Mr. Greſham?

"No, ſir! nothing," anſwered Hal, in a careleſs tone, like one who was well content with the ſtate of habitual idleneſs.

"No, sir, nothing!" replied Ben, in a voice of lamentation.

"Come," said Mr. Gresham, "if you have nothing to do, lads, will you unpack these two parcels for me?"

The two parcels were exactly alike, both of them well tied up with good whip-cord.—Ben took his parcel to a table, and, after breaking off the sealing wax, began carefully to examine the knot, and then to untie it. Hal stood still, exactly in the spot where the parcel was put into his hands, and tried first at one corner, and then at another, to pull the string off by force: "I wish these people wouldn't tie up their parcels so tight, as if they were never to be undone," cried he, as he tugged at the cord; and he pulled the knot closer instead of loosening it.

"Ben! why how did ye get your's undone, man?—what's in your parcel?

—I wonder what is in mine. I wish I could get this string off—I must cut it."

"O, no," said Ben, who now had undone the last knot of his parcel, and who drew out the length of string with exultation, "don't cut it, Hal—look what a nice cord this is, and your's is the same; it's a pity to cut it; '*Waste not, want not!*' you know."

"Pooh!" said Hal, "what signifies a bit of packthread?"

"It is whip-cord," said Ben.

"Well, whip-cord! what signifies a bit of whip-cord! you can get a bit of whip-cord twice as long as that for two-pence; and who cares for two-pence! Not I, for one! so here it goes," cried Hal, drawing out his knife; and he cut the cord, precipitately, in sundry places.

"Lads! have you undone the parcels for me?" said Mr. Gresham, opening the parlour door as he spoke.

"Yes, ſir," cried Hal; and he dragged off his half cut, half entangled ſtring—"here's the parcel."

"And here's my parcel, uncle; and here's the ſtring," ſaid Ben.

"You may keep the ſtring for your pains," ſaid Mr. Greſham.

"Thank you, ſir," ſaid Ben: "what an excellent whip-cord it is!"

"And you, Hal—continued Mr. Greſham—you may keep your ſtring too, if it will be of any uſe to you."

"It will be of no uſe to me, thank you, ſir," ſaid Hal.

"No, I am afraid not, if this be it," ſaid his uncle, taking up the jagged, knotted remains of Hal's cord.

A few days after this, Mr. Greſham gave to each of his nephews a new top.

"But how's this," ſaid Hal; "theſe tops have no ſtrings;—what ſhall we do for ſtrings?"

"I have a ſtring that will do very well for mine," ſaid Ben; and he pulled out of his pocket the fine, long, ſmooth ſtring, which had tied up the parcel. With this he ſoon ſet up his top, which ſpun admirably well.

"O, how I wiſh I had but a ſtring," ſaid Hal: "What ſhall I do for a ſtring? —I'll tell you what; I can uſe the ſtring that goes round my hat!"

"But then," ſaid Ben, "what will you do for a hat-band?"

"I'll manage to do without one," ſaid Hal: and he took the ſtring off his hat for his top.—It ſoon was worn through; and he ſplit his top by driving the peg too tightly into it. His couſin Ben let him ſet up his the next day; but Hal was not more fortunate or more careful when he meddled with other people's things than when he managed his own. He had ſcarcely played half an hour before he ſplit it, by driving in the peg too violently.

Ben bore this misfortune with good-humour—"Come," ſaid he, "it can't be helped: but give me the ſtring, becauſe *that* may ſtill be of uſe for ſomething elſe."

It happened ſome time afterwards, that a lady, who had been intimately acquainted with Hal's mother at Bath, that is to ſay, who had frequently met her at the card-table during the winter, now arrived at Clifton. She was informed by his mother, that Hal was at Mr. Greſham's; and her ſons, who were *friends* of his, came to ſee him, and invited him to ſpend the next day with them.

Hal joyfully accepted the invitation. He was always glad to go out to dine, becauſe it gave him ſomething to do, ſomething to think of, or, at leaſt, ſomething to ſay.—Beſides this, he had been educated to think it was a fine thing, to viſit fine people; and Lady Diana

Sweepſtakes (for that was the name of his mother's acquaintance), was a very fine lady; and her two ſons intended to be very *great* gentlemen.

He was in a prodigious hurry when theſe young gentlemen knocked at his uncle's door the next day; but juſt as he got to the hall door, little Patty called to him from the top of the ſtairs, and told him, that he had dropped his pocket handkerchief.

"Pick it up, then, and bring it to me quick, can't you child," cried Hal, "for Lady Di's ſons are waiting for me."

Little Patty did not know any thing about Lady Di's ſons; but as ſhe was very good-natured, and ſaw that her couſin Hal was, for ſome reaſon or other, in a deſperate hurry, ſhe ran down ſtairs as faſt as ſhe poſſibly could, towards the landing place, where the handkerchief lay;—but, alas! before ſhe reached the

handkerchief, ſhe fell, rolled down a whole flight of ſtairs, and, when her fall was at laſt ſtopped by the landing place, ſhe did not cry, but ſhe writhed, as if ſhe was in great pain.

"Where are you hurt, my love?" ſaid Mr. Greſham, who came inſtantly, on hearing the noiſe of ſome one falling down ſtairs.

"Where are you hurt, my dear?"

"Here, papa," ſaid the little girl, touching her ancle, which ſhe had decently covered with her gown; "I believe I'm hurt here, but not much," added ſhe, trying to riſe; "only it hurts me when I move."

"I'll carry you; don't move then," ſaid her father; and he took her up in his arms.

"My ſhoe, I've loſt one of my ſhoes," ſaid ſhe.

Ben looked for it upon the ſtairs, and he found it ſticking in a loop of whip

cord, which was entangled round one of the banniſters. When this cord was drawn forth, it appeared that it was the very ſame jagged, entangled piece, which Hal had pulled off his parcel. He had diverted himſelf with running up and down ſtairs, whipping the banniſters with it, as he thought he could convert it to no better uſe; and, with his uſual careleſſneſs, he at laſt left it hanging juſt where he happened to throw it when the dinner bell rang. Poor little Patty's ancle was terribly ſprained, and Hal reproached himſelf for his folly, and would have reproached himſelf longer, perhaps, if Lady Di' Sweepſtake's ſons had not hurried him away.

In the evening, Patty could not run about as ſhe uſed to do; but ſhe ſat upon the ſofa, and ſhe ſaid, that "She did not feel the pain of her ancle *ſo much*, whilſt Ben was ſo good as to play at *jack-ſtraws* with her."

"That's right, Ben; never be aſhamed of being good-natured to thoſe who are younger and weaker than yourſelf," ſaid his uncle, ſmiling at ſeeing him produce his whip-cord, to indulge his little couſin with a game at her favourite cat's-cradle. "I ſhall not think you one bit leſs manly, becauſe I ſee you playing at cat's cradle with a little child of ſix years old."

Hal, however, was not preciſely of his uncle's opinion; for when he returned in the evening, and ſaw Ben playing with his little couſin, he could not help ſmiling contemptuouſly, and aſked if he had been playing at cat's-cradle all night. In a heedleſs manner he made ſome inquiries after Patty's ſprained ancle, and then he ran on to tell all the news he had heard at Lady Diana Sweepſtake's—news which he thought would make him appear a perſon of vaſt importance.

"Do you know, uncle—Do you know, Ben," ſaid he—"there's to be the moſt *famous* doings, that ever were heard of upon the Downs here, the firſt day of next month, which will be in a fortnight, thank my ſtars! I wiſh the fortnight was over; I ſhall think of nothing elſe, I know, till that happy day comes!"

Mr. Greſham inquired, why the firſt of September was to be ſo much happier than any other day in the year.

"Why," replied Hal, "Lady Diana Sweepſtakes, you know, is a *famous* rider, and archer, and *all that*"——

"Very likely," ſaid Mr. Greſham, ſoberly;—"but what then?"

"Dear uncle!" cried Hal, "but you ſhall hear. There's to be a race upon the Downs the firſt of September, and after the race there's to be an archery meeting for the ladies, and Lady Diana Sweepſtakes is to be one of *them*. And after

the ladies have done ſhooting—now, Ben, comes the beſt part of it!—we boys are to have our turn, and Lady Di' is to give a prize, to the beſt markſman amongſt us, of a very handſome bow and arrow! Do you know I've been practiſing already, and I'll ſhew you to-morrow, as ſoon as it comes home, the *famous* bow and arrow, that Lady Diana has given me: but, perhaps," added he, with a ſcornful laugh, "you like a cat's cradle better than a bow and arrow."

Ben made no reply to this taunt at the moment; but the next day, when Hal's new bow and arrow came home, he convinced him, that he knew how to uſe it very well.

"Ben," ſaid his uncle, "you ſeem to be a good markſman, though you have not boaſted of yourſelf. I'll give you a bow and arrow, and, perhaps, if you practice, you may make yourſelf an ar-

cher before the firſt of September; and, in the mean time, you will not wiſh the fortnight to be over, for you will have ſomething to do."

"O, ſir," interrupted Hal, "but if you mean, that Ben ſhould put in for the prize, he muſt have a uniform."

"Why *muſt* he?" ſaid Mr. Greſham.

"Why, ſir, becauſe every body has—I mean every body that's any body;—and Lady Diana was talking about the uniform all dinner time, and its ſettled all about it, except the buttons; the young Sweepſtakes are to get their's made firſt for patterns: they are to be white, faced with green; and they'll look very handſome, I'm ſure; and I ſhall write to mamma to-night, as Lady Diana bid me, about mine; and I ſhall tell her, to be ſure, to anſwer my letter, without fail, by return of the poſt: and then, if mamma makes no objection, which I know ſhe won't, be-

cauſe ſhe never thinks much about expence, and *all that*—then I ſhall beſpeak my uniform, and get it made by the ſame taylor, that makes for Lady Diana and the young Sweepſtakes."

"Mercy upon us!" ſaid Mr. Greſham, who was almoſt ſtunned by the rapid vociferation, with which this long ſpeech about a uniform was pronounced. "I don't pretend to underſtand theſe things," added he, with an air of ſimplicity; "but we will inquire, Ben, into the neceſſity of the caſe; and if it is neceſſary—or if you think it neceſſary, that you ſhould have a uniform—why—I'll give you one."

"*You*, uncle!—Will you *indeed?*" exclaimed Hal with amazement painted in his countenance. "Well, that's the laſt thing in the world I ſhould have expected!—You are not at all the ſort of perſon I ſhould have thought would care about a uniform; and now I ſhould

have ſuppoſed, you'd have thought it extravagant, to have a coat on purpoſe only for one day; and I'm ſure Lady Diana Sweepſtakes thought as I do; for when I told her of that motto over your kitchen chimney, WASTE NOT, WANT NOT, ſhe laughed, and ſaid, that I had better not talk to you about uniforms, and that my mother was the proper perſon to write to about my uniform: but I'll tell Lady Diana, uncle, how good you are, and how much ſhe was miſtaken."

"Take care how you do that," ſaid Mr. Greſham; "for perhaps the Lady was not miſtaken."

"Nay, did not you ſay, juſt now, you would give poor Ben a uniform?"

"I ſaid, I would, if he thought it neceſſary to have one."

"O, I'll anſwer for it, he'll think it neceſſary," ſaid Hal, laughing, "becauſe it is neceſſary."

"Allow him, at leaſt, to judge for himſelf," ſaid Mr. Greſham.

"My dear uncle, but I aſſure you," ſaid Hal, earneſtly, "there's no judging about the matter, becauſe really, upon my word, Lady Diana ſaid diſtinctly, that her ſons were to have uniforms, white faced with green, and a green and white cockade in their hats."

"May be ſo," ſaid Mr. Greſham, ſtill with the ſame look of calm ſimplicity, "put on your hats, boys, and come with me. I know a gentleman, whoſe ſons are to be at this archery meeting; and we will inquire into all the particulars from him. Then, after we have ſeen him (it is not eleven o'clock yet), we ſhall have time enough to walk on to Briſtol, and chooſe the cloth for Ben's uniform, if it is neceſſary."

"I cannot tell what to make of all he ſays," whiſpered Hal, as he reached down his hat; "do you think, Ben,

he means to give you this uniform, or not?"

"I think," said Ben, "that he means to give me one, if it is necessary; or, as he said, if I think it is necessary."

"And that, to be sure, you will; won't you? or else you'll be a great fool, I know, after all I've told you. How can any one in the world know so much about the matter, as *I*, who have dined with Lady Diana Sweepstakes but yesterday, and heard all about it, from beginning to end; and as for this gentleman, that we are going to, I'm sure, if he knows any thing about the matter, he'll say exactly the same as I do."

"We shall hear," said Ben, with a degree of composure, which Hal could by no means comprehend, when a uniform was in question.

The gentleman, upon whom Mr. Gresham called, had three sons, who were all to be at this archery meeting;

and they unanimouſly aſſured him, in the preſence of Hal and Ben, that they had never thought of buying uniforms for this grand occaſion, and that, amongſt the number of their acquaintance, they knew of but three boys, whoſe friends intended to be at ſuch an *unneceſſary* expenſe. Hal ſtood amazed.—"Such are the varieties of opinion upon all the grand affairs of life," ſaid Mr. Greſham, looking at his nephews—"What amongſt one ſet of people you hear aſſerted to be abſolutely neceſſary, you will hear, from another ſet of people is quite unneceſſary—All that can be done, my dear boys, in theſe difficult caſes, is to judge for yourſelves, which opinions, and which people, are the moſt reaſonable."

Hal, who had been more accuſtomed to think of what was faſhionable, than of what was reaſonable, without at all conſidering the good ſenſe of what his

uncle ſaid to him, replied, with childiſh petulance, "Indeed, ſir, I don't know what other people think; but I only know what Lady Diana Sweepſtakes ſaid."

The name of Lady Diana Sweepſtakes, Hal thought, muſt impreſs all preſent with reſpect: he was highly aſtoniſhed, when, as he looked round, he ſaw a ſmile of contempt upon every one's countenance; and he was yet further bewildered, when he heard her ſpoken of as a very ſilly, extravagant, ridiculous woman, whoſe opinion no prudent perſon would aſk upon any ſubject, and whoſe example was to be ſhunned, inſtead of being imitated.

"Aye, my dear Hal," ſaid his uncle, ſmiling at his look of amazement, "theſe are ſome of the things that young people muſt learn from experience. All the world do not agree in opinion about characters: you will

hear the ſame perſon admired in one company, and blamed in another; ſo that we muſt ſtill come round to the ſame point, *Judge for yourſelf.*"

Hal's thoughts were, however, at preſent, too full of the uniform, to allow his judgment to act with perfect impartiality. As ſoon as their viſit was over, and all the time they walked down the hill from Prince's Buildings towards Briſtol, he continued to repeat nearly the ſame arguments, which he had formerly uſed, reſpecting neceſſity, the uniform, and Lady Diana Sweepſtakes.

To all this Mr. Greſham made no reply; and longer had the young gentleman expatiated upon the ſubject, which had ſo ſtrongly ſeized upon his imagination, had not his ſenſes been forcibly aſſailed at this inſtant by the delicious odours and tempting ſight of certain cakes and jellies in a paſtry-cook's ſhop.

"O uncle," said he, as his uncle was going to turn the corner to pursue the road to Bristol, "look at those jellies," pointing to a confectioner's shop, "I must buy some of those good things; for I've got some half-pence in my pocket."

"Your having half-pence in your pocket is an excellent reason for eating," said Mr. Gresham, smiling.

"But I really am hungry," said Hal; "you know, uncle, it is a good while since breakfast."

His uncle, who was desirous to see his nephews act without restraint, that he might judge of their characters, bid them do as they pleased.

"Come, then, Ben, if you've any half-pence in your pocket."

"I'm not hungry," said Ben.

"I suppose *that* means, that you've no half-pence," said Hal, laughing, with the look of superiority, which he

had been taught to think *the rich* might assume towards those, who were convicted either of poverty or economy.

"Waste not, want not," said Ben to himself. Contrary to his cousin's surmise, he happened to have two pennyworth of half-pence actually in his pocket.

At the very moment Hal stepped into the pastry-cook's shop, a poor industrious man with a wooden leg, who usually sweeps the dirty corner of the walk which turns at this spot to the Wells, held his hat to Ben, who, after glancing his eye at the petitioner's well-worn broom, instantly produced his two-pence. "I wish I had more half-pence for you, my good man," said he; "but I've only two-pence."

Hal came out of Mr. Millar's, the confectioner's shop, with a hat-full of cakes in his hand.

Mr. Millar's dog was sitting on the

flags before the door; and he looked up, with a wiſtful, begging eye, at Hal, who was eating a queen-cake.

Hal, who was waſteful even in his good-nature, threw a whole queen-cake to the dog, who ſwallowed it for a ſingle mouthful.

"There goes two-pence in the form of a queen-cake," ſaid Mr. Greſham.

Hal next offered ſome of his cakes to his uncle and couſin; but they thanked him, and refuſed to eat any, becauſe, they ſaid, they were not hungry; ſo he ate and ate, as he walked along, till at laſt he ſtopped, and ſaid, "This bun taſtes ſo bad after the queen-cakes, I can't bear it!" and he was going to fling it from him into the river.

"O, it is a pity to waſte that good bun; we may be glad of it yet," ſaid Ben; "give it to me, rather than throw it away."

"Why, I thought you ſaid you were not hungry," ſaid Hal.

"True, I am not hungry now; but that is no reaſon why I ſhould never be hungry again."

"Well, there is the cake for you; take it; for it has made me ſick; and I don't care what becomes of it."

Ben folded the refuſe bit of his couſin's bun in a piece of paper, and put it into his pocket.

"I'm beginning to be exceeding tired, or ſick, or ſomething," ſaid Hal, "and as there is a ſtand of coaches ſomewhere hereabouts, had not we better take a coach, inſtead of walking all the way to Briſtol."

"For a ſtout archer," ſaid Mr. Greſham, "you are more eaſily tired, than one might have expected. However, with all my heart; let us take a coach; for Ben aſked me to ſhew him the cathedral yeſterday; and I believe I ſhould find it rather too much for me to walk

ſo far, though I am not ſick with eating good things."

"*The cathedral!*" ſaid Hal, after he had been ſeated in the coach about a quarter of an hour, and had ſomewhat recovered from his ſickneſs—"The cathedral! Why, are we only going to Briſtol to ſee the cathedral!—I thought we came out to ſee about a uniform."

There was a dullneſs, and melancholy kind of ſtupidity, in Hal's countenance, as he pronounced theſe words like one wakening from a dream, which made both his uncle and couſin burſt out a laughing.

"Why," ſaid Hal, who was now piqued, "I'm ſure you *did* ſay, uncle, you would go to Mr. ——'s, to chooſe the cloth for the uniform."

"Very true; and ſo I will," ſaid Mr. Greſham; "but we need not make a whole morning's work, need we, of looking at a piece of cloth?—Cannot we

ſee a uniform and a cathedral both in one morning?"

They went firſt to the cathedral. Hal's head was too full of the uniform, to take any notice of the painted window, which immediately caught Ben's unembarraſſed attention. He looked at the large ſtained figures on the gothic window; and he obſerved their coloured ſhadows on the floor and walls.

Mr. Greſham, who perceived that he was eager on all ſubjects to gain information, took this opportunity of telling him ſeveral things about the loſt art of painting on glaſs, gothic arches, &c. which Hal thought extremely tireſome.

"Come! come! we ſhall be late indeed," ſaid Hal; "ſurely you've looked long enough, Ben, at this blue and red window."

"I'm only thinking about theſe coloured ſhadows," ſaid Ben.

"I can ſhew you, when we go home, Ben," ſaid his uncle, "an entertaining paper upon ſuch ſhadows *."

"Hark!" cried Ben, "did you hear that noiſe?"

They all liſtened; and they heard a bird ſinging in the cathedral.

"It's our old robin, ſir," ſaid the lad, who had opened the cathedral door for them.

"Yes," ſaid Mr. Greſham, "there he is, boys—look—perched upon the organ: he often ſits there, and ſings, whilſt the organ is playing."—"And," continued the lad who ſhewed the cathedral, "he has lived here theſe many, many winters †; they ſay, he is fifteen years old; and he is ſo tame, poor fellow, that, if I had a bit of bread, he'd come down, and feed in my hand."

* Vide Prieſtley's Hiſtory of Viſion, chapter on Coloured Shadows.

† This is true.

"I've a bit of a bun here," cried Ben, joyfully, producing the remains of the bun which Hal but an hour before would have thrown away. "Pray let us ſee the poor robin eat out of your hand."

The lad crumbled the bun, and called to the robin, who fluttered and chirped, and ſeemed rejoiced at the ſight of the bread; but yet he did not come down from his pinnacle on the organ.

"He is afraid of *us*," ſaid Ben; "he is not uſed to eat before ſtrangers, I ſuppoſe."

"Ah, no, ſir," ſaid the young man, with a deep ſigh, "that is not the thing: he is uſed enough to eat afore company; time was, he'd have come down for me, before ever ſo many fine folks, and have eat his crumbs out of my hand, at my firſt call; but, poor fellow, it's not his fault now: he does not know me now, ſir, ſince my accident, becauſe of this great black patch."

The young man put his hand to his right eye, which was covered with a huge black patch.

Ben aſked what *accident* he meant; and the lad told him, that, but a few weeks ago, he had loſt the ſight of his eye by the ſtroke of a ſtone, which reached him as he was paſſing under the rocks at Clifton, unluckily, when the workmen were blaſting.

"I don't mind ſo much for myſelf, ſir," ſaid the lad; "but I can't work ſo well now, as I uſed to do before my accident, for my old mother, who has had *a ſtroke* of the palſy; and I've a many little brothers and ſiſters, not well able yet to get their own livelihood, though they be as willing, as willing can be."

"Where does your mother live?" ſaid Mr. Greſham.

"Hard by, ſir, juſt cloſe to the church here: it was *her*, that always had the

ſhewing of it to ſtrangers, till ſhe loſt the uſe of her poor limbs."

"Shall we, may we, uncle, go that way?—This is the houſe; is not it?" ſaid Ben, when they went out of the cathedral.

They went into the houſe: it was rather a hovel than a houſe; but, poor as it was, it was as neat as miſery could make it.

The old woman was ſitting up in her wretched bed, winding worſted; four meagre, ill-clothed, pale children, were all buſy, ſome of them ſticking pins in papers for the pin-maker, and others ſorting rags for the paper-maker.

"What a horrid place it is," ſaid Hal, ſighing, "I did not know there were ſuch ſhocking places in the world. I've often ſeen terrible-looking, tumble-down places, as we drove through the town in mamma's carriage; but then I did not know who lived in them; and I never

ſaw the inſide of any of them. It is very dreadful, indeed, to think that people are forced to live in this way. I wiſh mamma would ſend me ſome more pocket-money, that I might do ſomething for them. I had half-a-crown; but," continued he, feeling in his pockets, "I'm afraid I ſpent the laſt ſhilling of it this morning, upon thoſe cakes that made me ſick. I wiſh I had my ſhilling now, I'd give it to *theſe poor people.*"

Ben, though he was all this time ſilent, was as ſorry as his talkative couſin for all theſe poor people. But there was ſome difference between the ſorrow of theſe two boys.

Hal, after he was again ſeated in the hackney-coach, and had rattled through the buſy ſtreets of Briſtol for a few minutes, quite forgot the ſpectacle of miſery, which he had ſeen; and the gay ſhops in Wine-ſtreet, and the idea of his green and white uniform wholly occupied his imagination.

"Now for our uniforms," cried he, as he jumped eagerly out of the coach, when his uncle ſtopped at the woollen-draper's door.

"Uncle," ſaid Ben, ſtopping Mr. Greſham before he got out of the carriage, "I don't think a uniform is at all neceſſary for me. I'm very much obliged to you; but I would rather not have one. I have a very good coat; and I think it would be waſte."

"Well, let me get out of the carriage, and we will ſee about it," ſaid Mr. Greſham; "perhaps the ſight of the beautiful green and white cloth, and the epaulette (Have you ever conſidered the epaulettes?) may tempt you to change your mind."

"O no," ſaid Ben, laughing; "I ſhall not change my mind."

The green cloth, and the white cloth, and the epaulettes, were produced, to Hal's infinite ſatisfaction. His uncle

took up a pen, and calculated for a few minutes; then, ſhewing the back of the letter, upon which he was writing, to his nephews, "Caſt up theſe ſums, boys," ſaid he, "and tell me whether I am right."

"Ben, do you do it," ſaid Hal, a little embarraſſed; "I am not quick at figures."

Ben *was*, and he went over his uncle's calculation very expeditiouſly.

"It is right, is it?" ſaid Mr. Greſham.

"Yes, ſir, quite right."

"Then by this calculation, I find I could, for leſs than half the money your uniforms would coſt, purchaſe for each of you boys a warm great coat, which you will want I have a notion this winter upon the downs."

"O, ſir," ſaid Hal, with an alarmed look; "but it is not winter *yet*; it is not cold weather *yet*. We ſhan't want great coats *yet*."

"Don't you remember how cold we were, Hal, the day before yeſterday, in that ſharp wind, when we were flying our kite upon the Downs; and winter will come, though it is not come yet—I am ſure, I ſhould like to have a good warm great coat very much."

Mr. Greſham took ſix guineas out of his purſe; and he placed three of them before Hal, and three before Ben.

"Young gentlemen," ſaid he, "I believe your uniforms would come to about three guineas a-piece. Now I will lay out this money for you, juſt as you pleaſe. Hal, what ſay you?"

"Why, ſir," ſaid Hal, "a great coat is a good thing, to be ſure; and then, after the great coat, as you ſaid it would only coſt half as much as the uniform, there would be ſome money to ſpare, would not there?"

"Yes, my dear, about five and twenty ſhillings."

"Five and twenty ſhillings!—I could buy and do a great many things, to be ſure, with five and twenty ſhillings: but then, *the thing is*, I muſt go without the uniform, if I have the great coat."

"Certainly," ſaid his uncle.

"Ah!" ſaid Hal, ſighing, as he looked at the epaulette, "uncle, if you would not be diſpleaſed, if I chooſe the uniform——"

"I ſhall not be diſpleaſed at your chooſing whatever you like beſt," ſaid Mr. Greſham.

"Well, then, thank you, ſir; I think I had better have the uniform, becauſe, if I have not the uniform now directly, it will be of no uſe to me, as the archery meeting is the week after next, you know; and as to the great coat, perhaps, between this time and the *very* cold weather, which, perhaps, won't be till Chriſtmas, papa will buy a great coat for me; and I'll aſk mamma to give

me ſome pocket-money to give away, and ſhe will, perhaps."

To all this concluſive, conditional reaſoning, which depended upon *perhaps*, three times repeated, Mr. Greſham made no reply; but he immediately bought the uniform for Hal, and deſired that it ſhould be ſent to Lady Diana Sweepſtakes' ſon's taylor, to be made up. The meaſure of Hal's happineſs was now complete.

"And how am I to lay out the three guineas for you, Ben?" ſaid Mr. Greſham; "ſpeak, what do you wiſh for firſt?"

"A great coat, uncle, if you pleaſe."

Mr. Greſham bought the coat; and, after it was paid for, five and twenty ſhillings of Ben's three guineas remained.

"What next, my boy?" ſaid his uncle.

"Arrows, uncle, if you pleaſe: three arrows."

"My dear, I promiſed you a bow and arrows."

"No, uncle, you only ſaid a bow."

"Well, I meant a bow and arrows. I'm glad you are ſo exact, however. It is better to claim leſs than more than what is promiſed. The three arrows you ſhall have. But, go on; how ſhall I diſpoſe of theſe five and twenty ſhillings for you?"

"In clothes, if you will be ſo good, uncle, for that poor boy, who has the great black patch on his eye."

"I always believed," ſaid Mr. Greſham, ſhaking hands with Ben, that economy and generoſity were the beſt friends, inſtead of being enemies, as ſome ſilly, extravagant people would have us think them. Chooſe the poor blind boy's coat, my dear nephew, and pay for it. There's no occaſion for my praiſing

you about the matter: your beſt reward is in your own mind, child; and you want no other, or I'm miſtaken. Now jump into the coach, boys, and let's be off. We ſhall be late, I'm afraid," continued he, as the coach drove on; "but I muſt let you ſtop, Ben, with your goods, at the poor boy's door."

When they came to the houſe, Mr. Greſham opened the coach-door, and Ben jumped out with his parcel under his arm.

"Stay, ſtay! You muſt take me with you," ſaid his pleaſed uncle; "I like to ſee people made happy, as well as you do."

"And ſo do I too!" ſaid Hal; "let me come with you. I almoſt wiſh my uniform was not gone to the taylor's, ſo I do."

And when he ſaw the look of delight and gratitude, with which the poor boy

received the clothes, which Ben gave him; and when he heard the mother and children thank him, Hal ſighed, and ſaid, "Well, I hope mamma will give me ſome more pocket-money ſoon."

Upon his return home, however, the ſight of the *famous* bow and arrow, which Lady Diana Sweepſtakes had ſent him, recalled to his imagination all the joys of his green and white uniform; and he no longer wiſhed, that it had not been ſent to the taylor's.

"But I don't underſtand, couſin Hal, ſaid little Patty, why you call this bow a *famous* bow: you ſay *famous* very often; and I don't know exactly what it means—a *famous* uniform—*famous* doings—I remember you ſaid there are to be *famous* doings, the firſt of September, upon the Downs—What does *famous* mean?"

"O, why *famous* means—— Now don't you know what *famous* means?

——It means——It is a word that people say——It is the fashion to say it ——It means—it means *famous*."

Patty laughed, and said, "*This* does not explain it to me."

"No," said Hal, "nor can it be explained: if you don't understand it, that's not my fault: every body but little children, I suppose, understands it; but there's no explaining *those sort* of words, if you don't *take them* at once. There's to be *famous* doings upon the Downs, the first of September; that is, grand, fine.—In short, what does it signify talking any longer, Patty, about the matter?—Give me my bow; for I must go out upon the Downs, and practise."

Ben accompanied him with the bow and the three arrows, which his uncle had now given to him; and, every day, these two boys went out upon the Downs, and practised shooting with indefatigable

perſeverance. Where equal pains are taken, ſucceſs is uſually found to be pretty nearly equal. Our two archers, by conſtant practice, became expert markſmen; and, before the day of trial, they were ſo exactly matched in point of dexterity, that it was ſcarcely poſſible to decide which was ſuperior.

The long-expected firſt of September at length arrived. "What ſort of a day is it?" was the firſt queſtion that was aſked by Hal and Ben, the moment that they wakened.

The ſun ſhone bright; but there was a ſharp and high wind.

"Ha!" ſaid Ben, "I ſhall be glad of my good great coat to-day; for I've a notion it will be rather cold upon the Downs, eſpecially when we are ſtanding ſtill, as we muſt, whilſt all the people are ſhooting."

"O, never mind! I don't think I ſhall feel it cold at all," ſaid Hal, as he

dreſſed himſelf in his new green and white uniform; and he viewed himſelf with much complacency.

"Good morning to you, uncle; how do you do?" ſaid he, in a voice of exultation, when he entered the breakfaſt-room.

How do you do? ſeemed rather to mean, How do you like me in my uniform?

And his uncle's cool, "Very well, I thank you, Hal," diſappointed him, as it ſeemed only to ſay, Your uniform makes no difference in my opinion of you.

Even little Patty went on eating her breakfaſt much as uſual, and talked of the pleaſure of walking with her father to the Downs, and of all the little things which intereſted her, ſo that Hal's epaulettes were not the principal object in any one's imagination but his own.

"Papa," ſaid Patty, "as we go up the hill where there is ſo much

red mud, I muſt take care to pick my way nicely; and I muſt hold up my frock, as you deſired me; and perhaps you will be ſo good, if I am not troubleſome, to lift me over the very bad place where there are no ſtepping-ſtones. My ancle is entirely well, and I'm glad of that, or elſe I ſhould not be able to walk ſo far as to the Downs. How good you were to me, Ben, when I was in pain, the day I ſprained my ancle: you played at jack ſtraws, and at cat's cradle, with me—O, that puts me in mind—Here are your gloves, which I aſked you that night to let me mend. I've been a great while about them, but are not they very neatly mended, papa?—look at the ſewing."

"I am not a very good judge of ſewing, my dear little girl," ſaid Mr. Greſham, examining the work with a cloſe and ſcrupulous eye; "but, in my opinion, here is one ſtitch, that is rather

too long; the white teeth are not quite even."

"O, papa, I'll take out that long tooth in a minute," said Patty, laughing: "I did not think, that you would have observed it so soon."

"I would not have you trust to my blindness," said her father, stroking her head fondly: "I observe every thing. I observe, for instance, that you are a grateful little girl, and that you are glad to be of use to those, who have been kind to you; and for this I forgive you the long stitch."

"But it's out, it's out, papa," said Patty, "and the next time your gloves want mending, Ben, I'll mend them better."

"They are very nice, I think," said Ben, drawing them on; "and I am much obliged to you; I was just wishing I had a pair of gloves to keep my fingers warm to-day, for I never can shoot well

when my hands are numbed. Look, Hal—you know how ragged theſe gloves were; you ſaid they were good for nothing but to throw away; now look, there's not a hole in them," ſaid he, ſpreading his fingers.

"Now is it not very extraordinary," ſaid Hal to himſelf, "that they ſhould go on ſo long talking about an old pair of gloves, without ſaying ſcarcely a word about my new uniform! Well, the young Sweepſtakes and Lady Diana will talk enough about it; that's one comfort."

"Is not it time, to think of ſetting out, ſir?" ſaid Hal to his uncle; "the company, you know, are to meet at the Oſtrich at twelve, and the race to begin at one, and Lady Diana's horſes, I know, were ordered to be at the door at ten."

Mr. Stephen, the butler, here interrupted the hurrying young gentleman

in his calculations—"There's a poor lad, sir, below, with a great black patch on his right eye, who is come from Bristol, and wants to speak a word with the young gentlemen, if you please. I told him, they were just going out with you, but he says he won't detain them above half a minute."

"Shew him up, shew him up," said Mr. Gresham.

"But I suppose," said Hal, with a sigh, "that Stephen mistook, when he said the young *gentlemen*; he only wants to see Ben, I dare say; I'm sure he has no reason to want to see me."

"Here he comes—O, Ben, he is dressed in the new coat you gave him," whispered Hal, who was really a good-natured boy, though extravagant. "How much better he looks than he did in the ragged coat! Ah! he looked at you first, Ben;—and well he may!"

The boy bowed, without any cringing civility, but with an open, decent free-

dom in his manner, which expreſſed that he had been obliged, but that he knew his young benefactor was not thinking of the obligation. He made as little diſtinction as poſſible between his bows to the two couſins.

"As I was ſent with a meſſage, by the clerk of our pariſh, to Redland chapel, out on the Downs, to-day, ſir," ſaid he to Mr. Greſham, "knowing your houſe lay in my way, my mother, ſir, bid me call, and make bold to offer the young gentlemen two little worſted balls that ſhe has worked for them," continued the lad, pulling out of his pocket two worſted balls worked in green and orange-coloured ſtripes: "they are but poor things, ſir, ſhe bid me ſay, to look at, but, conſidering ſhe has but one hand to work with, and *that* her left hand, you'll not deſpiſe 'em, we hopes."

He held the balls to Ben and Hal. —"They are both alike, gentlemen," ſaid he; "if you'll be pleaſed to take

'em, they're better than they look, for they bound higher than your head; I cut the cork round for the inside myself, which was all I could do."

"They are nice balls, indeed; we are much obliged to you," said the boys as they received them, and they proved them immediately. The balls struck the floor with a delightful sound, and rebounded higher than Mr. Gresham's head. Little Patty clapped her hands joyfully: but now a thundering double rap at the door was heard.

"The master Sweepstakes, sir," said Stephen, "are come for Master Hal; they say, that all the young gentlemen who have archery uniforms are to walk together, in a body, I think they say, sir; and they are to parade along the Well-walk, they desired me to say, sir, with a drum and fife, and so up the hill by Prince's Place, and all to go upon the Downs together, to the place of

meeting. I am not ſure I'm right, ſir, for both the young gentlemen ſpoke at once, and the wind is very high at the ſtreet door, ſo that I could not well make out all they ſaid; but I believe this is the ſenſe of it."

"Yes, yes," ſaid Hal, eagerly, "it's all right; I know that is juſt what was ſettled the day I dined at Lady Diana's; and Lady Diana and a great party of gentlemen are to ride——"

"Well, that is nothing to the purpoſe," interrupted Mr. Greſham, "Don't keep theſe Maſter Sweepſtakes waiting; decide—do you chooſe to go with them, or with us?"

"Sir—uncle—ſir, you know, ſince all the *uniforms* agreed to go together—"

"Off with you, then, Mr. Uniform, if you mean to go," ſaid Mr. Greſham.

Hal ran down ſtairs in ſuch a hurry, that he forgot his bow and arrows.—Ben diſcovered this, when he went to

fetch his own; and the lad from Briſtol, who had been ordered by Mr. Greſham to eat his breakfaſt, before he proceeded to Redland chapel, heard Ben talking about his couſin's bow and arrows.

"I know," ſaid Ben, "he will be ſorry not to have his bow with him, becauſe here are the green knots tied to it, to match his cockade; and he ſaid, that the boys were all to carry their bows, as part of the ſhow."

"If you'll give me leave, ſir," ſaid the poor Briſtol lad, "I ſhall have plenty of time; and I'll run down to the Well-walk after the young gentleman, and take him his bow and arrows."

"Will you? I ſhall be much obliged to you," ſaid Ben; and away went the boy with the bow that was ornamented with green ribands.

The public walk leading to the Wells was full of company. The windows

of all the houſes in St. Vincent's parade were crowded with well-dreſſed ladies, who were looking out in expectation of the archery proceſſion. Parties of gentlemen and ladies, and a motley crowd of ſpectators, were ſeen moving backwards and forwards, under the rocks, on the oppoſite ſide of the water. A barge, with coloured ſtreamers flying, was waiting to take up a party, who were going upon the water. The bargemen reſted upon their oars, and gazed with broad faces of curioſity upon the buſy ſcene, that appeared on the public walk.

The archers and archereſſes were now drawn up on the flags under the ſemi-circular piazza juſt before Mrs. Yearſley's library. A little band of children, who had been muſtered by Lady Diana Sweepſtakes' *ſpirited exertions*, cloſed the proceſſion. They were now all in readineſs. The drummer only waited for her ladyſhip's ſignal; and the archers'

corps only waited for her ladyſhip's word of command to march.

"Where are your bow and arrows, my little man?" ſaid her Ladyſhip to Hal, as ſhe reviewed her Lilliputian regiment. "You can't march, man, without your arms!"

Hal had diſpatched a meſſenger for his forgotten bow, but the meſſenger returned not; he looked from ſide to ſide in great diſtreſs—"O, there's my bow coming, I declare!" cried he—look, I ſee the bow and the ribands;—look now, between the trees, Charles Sweepſtakes, on the Hotwell-walk;—it is coming!"

"But you've kept us all waiting a confounded time," ſaid his impatient friend.

"It is that good-natured poor fellow from Briſtol, I proteſt, that has brought it me; I'm ſure I don't deſerve it from him," ſaid Hal to himſelf, when he

ſaw the lad with the black patch on his eye running, quite out of breath, towards him with his bow and arrow.

"Fall back, my good friend, fall back," ſaid the military lady, as ſoon as he had delivered the bow to Hal; "I mean, ſtand out of the way, for your great patch cuts no figure amongſt us. Don't follow ſo cloſe, now, as if you belonged to us, pray."

The poor boy had no ambition to partake the triumph; he *fell back* as ſoon as he underſtood the meaning of the lady's words. The drum beat, the fife played, the archers marched, the ſpectators admired. Hal ſtepped proudly, and felt as if the eyes of the whole univerſe were upon his epaulets, or upon the facings of his uniform; whilſt all the time he was conſidered only as part of a ſhow. The walk appeared much ſhorter than uſual, and he was extremely ſorry, that Lady Diana, when they were

half way up the hill leading to Prince's Place, mounted her horſe, becauſe the road was dirty, and all the gentlemen and ladies, who accompanied her, followed her example. "We can leave the children to walk, you know," ſaid ſhe to the gentleman who helped her to mount her horſe. "I muſt call to ſome of them, though, and leave orders where they are to *join*."

She beckoned; and Hal, who was foremoſt, and proud to ſhew his alacrity, ran on to receive her Ladyſhip's orders. Now, as we have before obſerved, it was a ſharp and windy day; and though Lady Diana Sweepſtakes was actually ſpeaking to him, and looking at him, he could not prevent his noſe from wanting to be blowed: he pulled out his handkerchief, and out rolled the new ball, which had been given to him juſt before he left home, and which, according to his uſual careleſs habits, he

had ſtuffed into his pocket in his hurry. "O, my new ball!" cried he, as he ran after it. As he ſtooped to pick it up, he let go his hat, which he had hitherto held on with anxious care; for the hat, though it had a fine green and white cockade, had no band or ſtring round it. The ſtring, as we may recollect, our waſteful hero had uſed in ſpinning his top. The hat was too large for his head without this band; a ſudden guſt of wind blew it off—Lady Diana's horſe ſtarted, and reared. She was a *famous* horſewoman, and ſat him to the admiration of all beholders; but there was a puddle of red clay and water in this ſpot, and her ladyſhip's uniform-habit was a ſufferer by the accident.

"Careleſs brat!" ſaid ſhe, "why can't he keep his hat upon his head?"

In the mean time, the wind blew the hat down the hill, and Hal ran

after it, amidſt the laughter of his kind friends, the young Sweepſtakes, and the reſt of the little regiment. The hat was lodged, at length, upon a bank. Hall purſued it: he thought this bank was hard, but, alas! the moment he ſet his foot upon it, the foot ſunk. He tried to draw it back, his other foot ſlipped, and he fell proſtrate, in his green and white uniform, into the treacherous bed of red mud. His companions, who had halted upon the top of the hill, ſtood laughing ſpectators of his misfortune.

It happened that the poor boy with the black patch upon his eye, who had been ordered by Lady Diana to "*fall back*," and to "*keep at a diſtance*," was now coming up the hill; and the moment he ſaw our fallen hero, he haſtened to his aſſiſtance. He dragged poor Hal, who was a deplorable ſpectacle, out of the red mud; the obliging

miſtreſs of a lodging-houſe, as ſoon as ſhe underſtood, that the young gentleman was nephew to Mr. Greſham, to whom ſhe had formerly let her houſe, received Hal, covered as he was with dirt.

The poor Briſtol lad haſtened to Mr. Greſham's for clean ſtockings and ſhoes for Hal. He was unwilling to give up his uniform; it was rubbed and rubbed, and a ſpot here and there was waſhed out; and he kept continually repeating, —"When it's dry it will all bruſh off, when it's dry, it will all bruſh off, won't it?"—But ſoon the fear of being too late at the archery-meeting began to balance the dread of appearing in his ſtained habiliments; and he now as anxiouſly repeated, whilſt the woman held the wet coat to the fire, "O, I ſhall be too late; indeed, I ſhall be too late; make haſte; it will never dry; hold it nearer—nearer to the fire: I

ſhall loſe my turn to ſhoot; O, give me the coat; I don't mind how it is, if I can but get it on."

Holding it nearer and nearer to the fire dried it quickly, to be ſure, but it ſhrunk it alſo; ſo that it was no eaſy matter to get the coat on again. However, Hal, who did not ſee the red ſplaſhes, which, in ſpite of all theſe operations, were too viſible upon his ſhoulders, and upon the ſkirts of his white coat behind, was pretty well ſatisfied to obſerve, that there was not one ſpot upon the facings. "Nobody," ſaid he, "will take notice of my coat behind, I dare ſay. I think it looks as ſmart almoſt as ever!"—and under this perſuaſion our young archer reſumed his bow—his bow with green ribands now no more!—and he purſued his way to the Downs.

All his companions were far out of ſight. "I ſuppoſe," ſaid he to his

friend with the black patch—"I ſuppoſe my uncle and Ben had left home, before you went for the ſhoes and ſtockings for me?"

"O, yes, ſir; the butler ſaid they had been gone to the Downs a matter of a good half hour or more."

Hal trudged on as faſt as he poſſibly could. When he got upon the Downs, he ſaw numbers of carriages, and crowds of people, all going towards the place of meeting, at the Oſtrich. He preſſed forwards; he was at firſt ſo much afraid of being late, that he did not take notice of the mirth his motley appearance excited in all beholders. At length he reached the appointed ſpot. There was a great crowd of people: in the midſt, he heard Lady Diana's loud voice, betting upon ſome one, who was juſt going to ſhoot at the mark.

"So then the ſhooting is begun, is it?" ſaid Hal. "O, let me in; pray let

me into the circle : I'm one of the archers—I am, indeed ; don't you ſee my green and white uniform ?"

" Your red and white uniform, you mean," ſaid the man to whom he addreſſed himſelf ; and the people, as they opened a paſſage for him, could not refrain from laughing at the mixture of dirt and finery, which he exhibited. In vain, when he got into the midſt of the formidable circle, he looked to his friends, the young Sweepſtakes, for their countenance and ſupport : they were amongſt the moſt unmerciful of the laughers. Lady Diana alſo ſeemed more to enjoy than to pity his confuſion,

" Why could not you keep your hat upon your head, man ?" ſaid ſhe, in her maſculine tone. " You have been almoſt the ruin of my poor uniform-habit ; but thank God, I've eſcaped rather better than you have.—Don't ſtand there, in the middle of the circle, or you'll have

an arrow in your eyes juſt now, I've a notion."

Hal looked round, in ſearch of better friends—"O, where's my uncle?—where's Ben?" ſaid he. He was in ſuch confuſion, that, amongſt the number of faces, he could ſcarcely diſtinguiſh one from another; but he felt ſomebody at this moment pull his elbow, and, to his great relief, he heard the friendly voice, and ſaw the good-natured face of his couſin Ben.

"Come back; come behind theſe people," ſaid Ben; "and put on my great coat; here it is for you."

Right glad was Hal to cover his diſgraced uniform with the rough great coat, which he had formerly deſpiſed He pulled the ſtained, drooping cockade out of his unfortunate hat; and he was now ſufficiently recovered from his vexation, to give an intelligible account of his accident to his uncle and Patty,

who anxiouſly inquired, what had detained him ſo long, and what had been the matter. In the midſt of the hiſtory of his diſaſter, he was juſt proving to Patty, that his taking the hat-band to ſpin his top had nothing to do with his misfortune; and he was at the ſame time endeavouring to refute his uncle's opinion, that the waſte of the whip-cord, that tied the parcel, was the original cauſe of all his evils, when he was ſummoned to try his ſkill with his *famous* bow.

"My hands are numbed, I can ſcarcely feel," ſaid he, rubbing them, and blowing upon the ends of his fingers.

"Come, come," cried young Sweepſtakes, "I'm within one inch of the mark; who'll go nearer, I ſhall like to ſee. Shoot away, Hal; but firſt underſtand our laws; we ſettled them before you came upon the green. You are to have three ſhots, with your own bow

and your own arrows; and nobody's to borrow or lend under pretence of other bows being better or worse, or under any pretence.—Do you hear, Hal?"

This young gentleman had good reasons for being so strict in these laws, as he had observed, that none of his companions had such an excellent bow as he had provided for himself. Some of the boys had forgotten to bring more than one arrow with them, and by his cunning regulation, that each person should shoot with their own arrows, many had lost one or two of their shots.

"You are a lucky fellow; you have your three arrows," said young Sweepstakes. "Come, we can't wait whilst you rub your fingers, man—shoot away."

Hal was rather surprized at the asperity, with which his friend spoke. He little knew how easily acquaintance, who call themselves friends, can change,

when their intereſt comes in the ſlighteſt degree in competition with their friendſhip. Hurried by his impatient rival, and with his hands ſo much benumbed, that he could ſcarcely feel how to fix the arrow in the ſtring, he drew the bow. The arrow was within a quarter of an inch of Maſter Sweepſtakes' mark, which was the neareſt that had yet been hit. Hal ſeized his ſecond arrow—"If I have any luck," ſaid he——But juſt as he pronounced the word *luck*, and as he bent his bow, the ſtring broke in two, and the bow fell from his hands.

"There, it's all over with you," cried Maſter Sweepſtakes, with a triumphant laugh.

"Here's my bow for him, and welcome," ſaid Ben.

"No, no, ſir; that is not fair; that's againſt the regulation. You may ſhoot with your own bow, if you chooſe it; or

you may not, juſt as you think proper; but you muſt not lend it, ſir."

It was now Ben's turn to make his trial. His firſt arrow was not ſucceſsful. His ſecond was exactly as near as Hal's firſt.

"You have but one more," ſaid Maſter Sweepſtakes :—"now for it!"

Ben, before he ventured his laſt arrow, prudently examined the ſtring of his bow; and, as he pulled it to try its ſtrength, it cracked.

Maſter Sweepſtakes clapped his hands with loud exultations, and inſulting laughter. But his laughter ceaſed, when our provident hero calmly drew from his pocket an excellent piece of whip-cord.

"The everlaſting whip-cord, I declare!" exclaimed Hal, when he ſaw that it was the very ſame, that had tied up the parcel.

"Yes," ſaid Ben, as he faſtened it to his bow, "I put it into my pocket to-

day, on purpoſe, becauſe I thought I might happen to want it."

He drew his bow the third and laſt time.

"O, papa," cried little Patty, as the arrow hit the mark, "it's the neareſt; is not it the neareſt?"

Maſter Sweepſtakes, with anxiety, examined the hit. There could be no doubt. Ben was victorious! The bow, the prize bow, was now delivered to him; and Hal, as he looked at the whip-cord, exclaimed, "How *lucky* this whip-cord has been to you, Ben!"

"It is *lucky*, perhaps, you mean, that he took care of it," ſaid Mr. Greſham.

"Aye," ſaid Hal, "very true; he might well ſay, 'Waſte not, want not;' it is a good thing to have two ſtrings to one's bow."

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

IN the neighbourhood of a ſea-port town in the weſt of England, there lived a gardener, who had one ſon, called Maurice, of whom he was very fond. One day his father ſent him to the neighbouring town, to purchaſe ſome garden ſeeds for him. When Maurice got to the ſeed-ſhop, it was full of people, who were all impatient to be ſerved; firſt a great tall man, and next a great fat woman puſhed before him, and he ſtood quietly beſide the counter, waiting till ſomebody ſhould be at leiſure, to attend to him. At length, when all the other people who were in the ſhop had got what they wanted, the ſhop-

man turned to Maurice—"And what do you want, my patient little fellow?" ſaid he.

"I want all theſe ſeeds for my father," ſaid Maurice, putting a liſt of ſeeds into the ſhopman's hand; "and I have brought money, to pay for them all."

The ſeedſman looked out all the ſeeds that Maurice wanted, and packed them up in paper: he was folding up ſome painted-ladypeaſe, when, from a door at the back of the ſhop, there came in a ſquare, rough-faced man, who exclaimed, the moment he came in, "Are the ſeeds I ordered ready?—The wind's fair—they ought to have been a-board yeſterday. And my china jar, is it packed up and directed?—where is it?"—

"It is up there on the ſhelf over your head, ſir," anſwered the ſeedſman—"it is very ſafe, you ſee, but we have not had time to pack it yet—it ſhall be

done to-day; and we will get the ſeeds ready for you, ſir, immediately."

"Immediately!—then ſtir about it—the ſeeds will not pack themſelves up—make haſte, pray."

"Immediately, ſir, as ſoon as I have done up the parcel for this little boy."

"What ſignifies the parcel for this little boy? he can wait, and I cannot—wind and tide wait for no man. Here, my good lad, take your parcel, and ſheer off," ſaid the impatient man; and, as he ſpoke, he took up the parcel of ſeeds from the counter, as the ſhopman ſtooped to look for a ſheet of thick brown paper and pack-thread, to tie it up.

The parcel was but looſely folded up, and as the impatient man lifted it, the weight of the peaſe, which were within-ſide of it, burſt the paper, and all the ſeeds fell out upon the floor, whilſt Maurice in vain held his hands to catch them. The peaſe rolled to all parts of

the ſhop, the impatient man ſwore at them, but Maurice, without being out of humour, ſet about collecting them as faſt as poſſible. Whilſt he was buſied in this manner, the man got what ſeeds he wanted, and, as he was talking about them, a ſailor came into the ſhop, and ſaid, "Captain, the wind has changed within theſe five minutes, and it looks as if we ſhould have ugly weather."

"Well, I'm glad of it," replied the rough-faced man, who was the captain of the ſhip. "I am glad to have a day longer to ſtay aſhore, for I've buſineſs enough on my hands."

"The captain puſhed forward towards the ſhop door. Maurice, who was kneeling on the floor, picking up his ſeeds, ſaw that the captain's foot was entangled in ſome packthread, which hung down from the ſhelf, on which the china jar ſtood. Maurice ſaw, that, if the captain took one more ſtep forward,

he muſt pull the ſtring, ſo that it would throw down the jar, round the bottom of which the packthread was entangled. He immediately caught hold of the captain's leg, and ſtopped him—"Stay! ſtand ſtill, ſir," ſaid he, "or you will break your china jar."

The man ſtood ſtill, looked, and ſaw how the packthread had caught in his ſhoe-buckle, and how it was near dragging down his beautiful china jar;—"I am really very much obliged to you, my little fellow," ſaid he; "you have ſaved my jar, which I would not have broken for ten guineas; for it is for my wife, and I've brought it ſafe from abroad many a league; it would have been a pity if I had broken it juſt when it was ſafe landed. I am really much obliged to you, my little fellow; this was returning good for evil. I am ſorry I threw down your ſeeds, as you are ſuch a good-natured, forgiving boy. Be ſo

kind," continued he, turning to the ſhopman, "as to reach down that china jar for me?"

The ſhopman lifted down the jar very carefully, and the captain took off the cover, and pulled out ſome tulip roots; "You ſeem, by the quantity of ſeeds you have got, to belong to a gardener. Are you fond of gardening?" ſaid he to Maurice.

"Yes, ſir," replied Maurice, "very fond of it; for my father is a gardener, and he lets me help him at his work, and he has given me a little garden of my own."

"Then here are a couple of tulip roots for you; and if you take care of them, I'll promiſe you that you will have the fineſt tulips in England in your little garden. Theſe tulips were given to me by a Dutch merchant, who told me, that they were ſome of the rareſt and fineſt in Holland. They

will proſper with you, I'm ſure, wind and weather permitting."

Maurice thanked the gentleman, and returned home, eager to ſhew his precious tulip roots to his father, and to a companion of his, the ſon of a nurſeryman, who lived near him.—Arthur was the name of the nurſeryman's ſon.

The firſt thing Maurice did, after ſhewing his tulip roots to his father, was to run to Arthur's garden, in ſearch of him. Their gardens were ſeparated only by a low wall of looſe ſtones :—"Arthur! Arthur! where are you? Are you in your garden? I want you."—But Arthur made no anſwer, and did not, as uſual, come running to meet his friend. "I know where you are," continued Maurice, "and I'm coming to you as faſt as the raſpberry buſhes will let me. I have good news for you—ſomething you'll be delighted to ſee,

Arthur !——Ha !—but here is ſomething that I am not delighted to ſee, I am ſure," ſaid poor Maurice, who, when he had got through the raſpberry buſhes, and had come in ſight of his own garden, beheld his bell-glaſs—his beloved bell-glaſs, under which his cucumbers were growing ſo finely—his only bell-glaſs, broken to pieces !

" I am ſorry for it," ſaid Arthur, who ſtood leaning upon his ſpade in his own garden : " I am afraid you will be very angry with me."

" Why, was it you, Arthur, broke my bell-glaſs ? O, how could you do ſo !"

" I was throwing weeds and rubbiſh over the wall, and, by accident, a great lump of couch graſs, with ſtones hanging to the roots, fell upon your bell-glaſs, and broke it as you ſee."

Maurice lifted up the lump of couch graſs, which had fallen through the broken glaſs upon his cucumbers, and

he looked at his cucumbers for a moment in ſilence—" O, my poor cucumbers ! you muſt all die now ; I ſhall ſee all your yellow flowers withered tomorrow : but it is done, and it cannot be helped ; ſo, Arthur, let us ſay no more about it."

" You are very good ; I thought you would have been angry. I am ſure, I ſhould have been exceedingly angry, if you had broken the glaſs, if it had been mine."

" O, forgive and forget, as my father always ſays ; that's the beſt way. Look what I have got for you." Then he told Arthur the ſtory of the captain of the ſhip, and the china jar ; the ſeeds having been thrown down, and of the fine tulip-roots, which had been given to him ; and Maurice concluded by offering one of the precious roots to Arthur, who thanked him with great joy, and repeatedly ſaid, " How good

you were, not to be angry with me for breaking your bell-glaſs: I am much more ſorry for it, than if you had been in a paſſion with me!"

Arthur now went to plant his tulip-root; and Maurice looked at the beds which his companion had been digging, and at all the things which were coming up in his garden.

"I don't know how it is," ſaid Arthur, "but you always ſeem as glad to ſee the things in my garden coming up, and doing well, as if they were all your own. I am much happier ſince my father came to live here, and ſince you and I have been allowed to work and to play together, than I ever was before; for you muſt know, before we came to live here, I had a couſin in the houſe with me, who uſed to plague me: he was not nearly ſo good-natured as you are: he never took pleaſure in looking at my garden, or at any thing that I

did, that was well done; and he never gave me a ſhare of any thing that he had; and ſo I did not like him; how could I? But I believe, that hating people makes us unhappy; for I know I never was happy, when I was quarrelling with him; and I am always happy with you, Maurice; you know we never quarrel."

It would be well for all the world, if they could be convinced, like Arthur, that to live in friendſhip is better than to quarrel; it would be well for all the world, if they followed Maurice's maxim of "Forgive and forget," when they receive, or when they imagine that they receive, an injury.

Arthur's father, Mr. Oakly the nurſery-man, was apt to take offence at trifles; and when he thought that any of his neighbours diſobliged him, he was too proud to aſk them to explain their con-

duct; therefore he was often miſtaken in his judgment of them. He thought, that it ſhewed *ſpirit*, to remember and to reſent an injury; and therefore, though he was not an ill-natured man, he was ſometimes led, by this miſtaken idea of *ſpirit*, to do ill-natured things: "A warm friend, and a bitter enemy," was one of his maxims; and he had many more enemies than friends. He was not very rich, but he was proud; and his favourite proverb was, "Better live in ſpite than in pity."

When firſt he ſettled near Mr. Grant the gardener, he felt inclined to diſlike him, becauſe he was told, that Mr. Grant was a Scotchman, and he had a prejudice againſt Scotchmen, all of whom he believed to be cunning and avaricious, becauſe he had once been over-reached by a Scotch pedlar. Grant's friendly manners, in ſome degree, conquered this prepoſſeſſion; but ſtill he ſecretly ſuſpected,

that *this civility*, as he ſaid, *was all ſhow*, and *that he was not, nor could not, being a Scotchman, be ſuch a hearty friend as a true-born Engliſhman.*"

Grant had ſome remarkably fine raſpberries. The fruit was ſo large, as to be quite a curioſity. When it was in ſeaſon, many ſtrangers came from the neighbouring town, which was a ſea-bathing place, to look at theſe raſpberries, which obtained the name of *Brobdignag* raſpberries.

"How came you, pray, neighbour Grant, if a man may aſk, by theſe wonderful fine raſpberries?" ſaid Mr. Oakly, one evening, to the gardener.

"That's a ſecret," replied Grant, with an arch ſmile.

"O, in caſe it's a ſecret, I've no more to ſay; for I never meddle with any man's ſecrets, that he does not chooſe to truſt me with. But I wiſh, neighbour Grant, you would put down that book:

You are always poring over ſome book or another, when a man comes to ſee you, which is not, according to my notions (being a plain, *unlarned* Engliſhman bred and born) ſo civil and neighbourly as might be."

Mr. Grant haſtily ſhut his book, but remarked, with a ſhrewd glance at his ſon, that it was in that book he found his Brobdignag raſpberries.

"You are pleaſed to be pleaſant upon them that have not the luck to be as book-*larned* as yourſelf, Mr. Grant; but I take it, being only a plain-ſpoken Engliſhman, as I obſerved afore, that one is to the full as like to find a raſpberry in one's garden, as in one's book, Mr. Grant."

Grant, obſerving that his neighbour ſpoke rather in a ſurly tone, did not contradict him: being well verſed in the bible, he knew that "A ſoft word turneth away wrath;" and he anſwered, in a

good-humoured voice, "I hear, neighbour Oakly, you are likely to make a great deal of money of your nurſery, this year. Here's to the health of you and yours, not forgetting the ſeedling larch, which I ſee are coming on finely."

"Thank ye, neighbour, kindly: the larch are coming on tolerably well, that's certain; and here's to your good health, Mr. Grant—you and your's, not forgetting your what d'ye call 'em raſpberries".....*(drinks)*..... and, after a pauſe reſumes—"I'm not apt to be a beggar, neighbour, but if you could give me——"

Here Mr. Oakly was interrupted by the entrance of ſome ſtrangers, and he did not finiſh making his requeſt.—Mr. Oakly was not, as he ſaid of himſelf, apt to aſk favours, and nothing but Grant's cordiality could have conquered his prejudices, ſo far as to tempt him

to aſk a favour from a Scotchman.—He was going to have aſked for ſome of the Brobdignag raſpberry plants.—The next day the thought of the raſpberry-plants recurred to his memory, but being a baſhful man, he did not like to go himſelf on purpoſe to make his petition, and he deſired his wife, who was juſt ſetting out to market, to call at Grant's gate, and, if he was at work in his garden, to aſk him for a few plants of his raſpberries.

The anſwer which Oakly's wife brought to him was, that Mr. Grant had not a raſpberry plant in the world to give him, and that if he had ever ſo many he would not give one away, except to his own ſon.—Oakly flew into a paſſion, when he received this meſſage, declared it was juſt ſuch a mean ſhabby trick as might have been expected from a Scotchman—called himſelf a booby, a dupe, and a blockhead,

for ever having truſted to the civil ſpeeches of a Scotchman—ſwore that he would die in the pariſh workhouſe, before he would ever aſk another favour, be it never ſo ſmall, from a Scotchman. —Related for the hundredth time to his wife the way, in which he had been taken in by the Scotch pedlar ten years ago, and concluded by forſwearing all further intercourſe with Mr. Grant, and all belonging to him.

"Son Arthur," ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to the boy, who juſt then came in from work—"Son Arthur, do you hear me, let me never again ſee you with Grant's ſon."

"With Maurice, father?"

"With Maurice Grant, I ſay;—I forbid you from this day and hour forward to have any thing to do with him."

"O, why, dear father?"

"Aſk me no queſtions, but do as I bid you."

Arthur burſt out a crying, and only ſaid, "Yes, father, I'll do as you bid me, to be ſure."

"Why now, what does the boy cry for? is there no other boy, ſimpleton, think you, to play with, but this Scotchman's ſon? I'll find out another playfellow for ye, child, if that be all."

"That's not all, father," ſaid Arthur, trying to ſtop himſelf from ſobbing; "but the thing is, I ſhall never have ſuch another playfellow,—I ſhall never have ſuch another friend as Maurice Grant."

"Ah, poor fool!" ſaid his father, preſſing his ſon's head to him, "thee be'eſt juſt ſuch another as thy father—ready to be taken in by a fair word or ſo.—But when you've lived as long as I have, you'll find that friends are not as plenty as blackberries, and don't grow upon every buſh."

"No, indeed, I don't think they do," ſaid Arthur; "I never had a friend

before, and I ſhall never have ſuch another as Maurice Grant."

"Like father like ſon—you may think yourſelf well off to have done with him."

"Done with him! O, father, and ſhall I never go again to work in his garden, and may not he come to mine?"

"No, replied Oakly," ſturdily;—"his father has uſed me uncivil, and no man ſhall uſe me uncivil twice.—I ſay no.—Wife, ſweep up this hearth.—Boy, don't take on like a fool, but eat thy bacon and greens, and let's hear no more of Maurice Grant."

Arthur promiſed to obey his father, he only begged, that he might once more ſpeak to Maurice, and tell him, that it was by his father's orders he acted.—This requeſt was granted; but when Arthur further begged to know, what reaſon he might give for this ſeparation, his father refuſed to tell his reaſons.

The two friends took leave of one another very ſorrowfully.

Mr. Grant, when he heard of all this, endeavoured to diſcover, what could have offended his neighbour; but all explanation was prevented by the obſtinate ſilence of Oakly.

Now the meſſage, which Grant really ſent about the Brobdignag raſpberries, was ſomewhat different from that, which Mr. Oakly received. The meſſage was, that the raſpberries were not Mr. Grant's, that therefore he had no right to give them away; that they belonged to his ſon Maurice, and that this was not the right time of year for planting them.—This meſſage had been unluckily miſunderſtood.—Grant gave his anſwer to his wife; ſhe to a Welſh ſervant girl, who did not perfectly comprehend her miſtreſs's broad Scotch; and ſhe in her turn could not make herſelf intelligible to Mrs. Oakly, who hated the Welſh

accent, and whoſe attention, when the ſervant girl delivered the meſſage, was principally engroſſed by the management of her own horſe. The horſe on which Mrs. Oakly rode this day being ill broken, would not ſtand ſtill quietly at the gate, and ſhe was extremely impatient to receive her anſwer, and to ride on to market.—On ſuch ſlight things do the quarrels of neghbours often depend.

Oakly, when he had once reſolved to diſlike his neighbour Grant, could not long remain without finding out freſh cauſes of complaint.—There was in Grant's garden a plum-tree, which was planted cloſe to the looſe ſtone wall, that divided the garden from the nurſery. The ſoil in which the plum-tree was planted happened not to be quite ſo good, as that which was on the oppoſite ſide of the wall, and the plum-tree had forced its way through the wall, and

gradually had taken poſſeſſion of the ground which it liked beſt.—Oakly thought the plum-tree, as it belonged to Mr. Grant, had no right to make its appearance on his ground: an attorney told him, that he might oblige Grant to cut it down; but Mr. Grant refuſed to cut down his plum-tree at the attorney's deſire, and the attorney perſuaded Oakly to go to law about the buſineſs, and the lawſuit went on for ſome months.—The attorney, at the end of this time, came to Oakly with a demand for money to carry on his ſuit, aſſuring him, that in a ſhort time it would be determined in his favour. —Oakly paid his attorney ten golden guineas, remarked that it was a great ſum for him to pay, and that nothing but the love of juſtice could make him perſevere in this lawſuit about a bit of ground, "which, after all," ſaid he, "is not worth two-pence. The plum-tree

does me little or no damage, but I don't like to be impoſed upon by a Scotchman."

The attorney ſaw and took advantage of Oakly's prejudice againſt the natives of Scotland; and he perſuaded him, that, to ſhew the *ſpirit* of a true-born Engliſhman, it was neceſſary, whatever it might coſt him, to perſiſt in this lawſuit.

It was ſoon after this converſation with the attorney, that Mr. Oakly walked with reſolute ſteps towards the plum-tree, ſaying to himſelf, "If it coſt me a hundred pound, I will not let this cunning Scotchman get the better of me."

Arthur interrupted his father's reverie, by pointing to a book and ſome young plants, which lay upon the wall. "I fancy, father," ſaid he, "thoſe things are for you, for there is a little note di-

rected to you, in Maurice's hand writing :—ſhall I bring it to you?"

"Yes, let me read it, child, ſince I muſt."

It contained theſe words:

"Dear Mr. Oakly,

"I don't know why you have quarrelled with us; I am very ſorry for it. But though you are angry with me, I am not angry with you. I hope you will not refuſe ſome of my Brobdignag raſpberry plants, which you aſked for a great while ago, when we were all good friends. It was not the right time of year to plant them then, which was the reaſon they were not ſent to you: but it is juſt the right time to plant them now; and I ſend you the book, in which you will find the reaſon why we always put ſea-weed aſhes about their roots: and I have got ſome ſea-weed aſhes for you. You will find the aſhes in the flower-pot upon the wall. I have never

ſpoken to Arthur, nor he to me, ſince you bid us not. So wiſhing your Brobdignag raſpberries may turn out as well as ours, and longing to be all friends again, I am, with love to dear Arthur, and ſelf,

"Your affectionate neighbour's ſon,

"MAURICE GRANT."

"P. S. It is now four months ſince the quarrel began; and that is a very long while."

A great part of the effect of this letter was loſt upon Oakly, becauſe he was not very expert at reading writing, and it coſt him much trouble to ſpell it, and put it together. However, he ſeemed touched by it, and ſaid, "I believe this Maurice loves you well enough, Arthur, and he ſeems a good ſort of boy; but as to the raſpberries, I believe all that he ſays about them is but an excuſe; and, at any rate, as I could not get 'em

when I asked for them, I'll not have them now.—Do you hear me, I say, Arthur? What are you reading there?"

Arthur was reading the page, that was doubled down in the book, which Maurice had left along with the raspberry plants upon the wall. Arthur read aloud as follows:

(Monthly Magazine, Dec. 98, page 421.)

"There is a sort of strawberry cultivated at Jersey, which is almost covered with sea-weed in the winter, in like manner as many plants in England are with litter from the stable. These strawberries are usually of the largeness of a middle sized apricot, and the flavour is particularly grateful. In Jersey and Guernsey, situate scarcely one degree farther south than Cornwall, all kinds of fruit, pulse, and vegetables, are produced in their seasons a fortnight or three weeks sooner than in England, even on the southern shores; and snow will scarcely

remain twenty-four hours on the earth. Although this may be attributed to theſe iſlands being ſurrounded with a ſalt, and conſequently a moiſt atmoſphere, yet the aſhes (ſea-weed aſhes) made uſe of as manure, may alſo have their portion of influence *."

"And here," continued Arthur, "is ſomething written with a pencil, on a ſlip of paper, and it is Maurice's writing. I will read it to you."

"When I read in this book what is ſaid about the ſtrawberries growing as large as apricots, after they had been covered over with ſea-weed, I thought that, perhaps, ſea-weed aſhes might be good for my father's raſpberries; and I aſked him if he would give me leave to try them. He gave me leave, and I went directly and gathered together ſome ſea-

* It is neceſſary to obſerve, that this experiment has never been actually tried upon raſpberry plants.

weed that had been caſt on ſhore; and I dried it, and burned it, and then I manured the raſpberries with it, and the year afterwards the raſpberries grew to the ſize that you have ſeen. Now, the reaſon I tell you this, is; firſt, that you may know how to manage your raſpberries, and next, becauſe I remember you looked very grave, and as if you were not pleaſed with my father, Mr. Grant, when he told you, that the way by which he came by his Brobdignag raſpberries was a ſecret. Perhaps this was the thing, that has made you ſo angry with us all; for you never have come to ſee father ſince that evening. Now I have told you all I know; and ſo I hope you will not be angry with us any longer."

Mr. Oakly was much pleaſed by this openneſs, and ſaid, "Why now, Arthur, this is ſomething like,—this is telling one the thing one wants to know, without fine ſpeeches.—This is

like an Engliſhman more than a Scotchman—Pray, Arthur, do you know whether your friend Maurice was born in England or in Scotland?"

"No indeed, ſir, I don't know—I never aſked—I did not think it ſignified—All I know is, that wherever he was born he is *very* good. Look, papa, my tulip is blowing."

"Upon my word, this will be a beautiful tulip."

"It was given to me by Maurice."

"And did you give him nothing for it?"

"Nothing in the world; and he gave it to me juſt at the time when he had good cauſe to be very angry with me, juſt when I had broken his bell-glaſs."

"I have a great mind to let you play together again," ſaid Arthur's father.

"O, if you would," cried Arthur, clapping his hands, "how happy we ſhould be; do you know, father, I have

often ſat for an hour at a time up in that crab-tree, looking at Maurice at work in his garden, and wiſhing that I was at work with him.—My garden, look ye, father, is not nearly in ſuch good order as it uſed to be; but every thing would go right again if ——"

Here Arthur was interrupted by the attorney, who came to aſk Mr. Oakly ſome queſtion about the law-ſuit concerning the plum-tree. Oakly ſhewed him Maurice's letter; and, to Arthur's extreme aſtoniſhment, the attorney had no ſooner read it, than he exclaimed, "What an artful little gentleman this is! I never, in the courſe of all my practice, met with any thing better. Why, this is the moſt cunning letter I ever read."

"Where's the cunning?" ſaid Oakly, and he put on his ſpectacles.

"My good ſir, don't you ſee, that all this ſtuff about Brobdignag raſpber-

ries is to ward off your ſuit about the plum-tree? They know—that is, Mr. Grant, who is ſharp enough, knows—that he will be worſted in that ſuit; that he muſt, in ſhort, pay you a good round ſum for damages, if it goes on."—

"Damages!" ſaid Oakly, ſtaring round him at the plum-tree: "but I don't know what you mean. I mean nothing but what's honeſt. I don't mean to aſk for any good round ſum; for the plum-tree has done me no great harm by coming into my garden; but only I don't chooſe it ſhould come there without my leave."

"Well, well," ſaid the attorney; "I underſtand all that; but what I want to make you, Mr. Oakly, underſtand, is, that this Grant and his ſon only want to make up matters with you, and prevent the thing's coming to a fair trial, by ſending you, in this underhand ſort of way, a bribe of a few raſpberries."

"A bribe," exclaimed Oakly, "I never took a bribe, and I never will;" and, with ſudden indignation, he pulled the raſpberry-plants from the ground in which Arthur was planting them; and he threw them over the wall into Grant's garden.

Maurice had put his tulip, which was beginning to blow, in a flower-pot, on the top of the wall, in hopes that his friend Arthur would ſee it from day to day.

Alas! he knew not in what a dangerous ſituation he had placed it.—One of his own Brobdignag raſpberry-plants, ſwung by the angry arm of Oakly, ſtruck off the head of his precious tulip.

Arthur, who was full of the thought of convincing his father, that the attorney was miſtaken in his judgment of poor Maurice, did not obſerve the fall of the tulip.

The next day, when Maurice ſaw his raſpberry-plants ſcattered upon the

ground, and his favourite tulip broken, he was in much aſtoniſhment, and, for ſome moments, angry; but anger, with him, never laſted long. He was convinced, that all this muſt be owing to ſome accident or miſtake; he could not believe, that any one could be ſo malicious, as to injure him on purpoſe—"And even if they did all this on purpoſe to vex me," ſaid he to himſelf, "the beſt thing I can do, is not to let it vex me.—Forgive and forget."

This temper of mind Maurice was more happy in enjoying, than he could have been made without it, by the poſſeſſion of all the tulips in Holland.

Tulips were, at this time, things of great conſequence in the eſtimation of the country, ſeveral miles round, where Maurice and Arthur lived.

There was a floriſt's feaſt to be held at the neighbouring town, at which a prize of a handſome ſet of gardening-

tools was to be given to the perſon, who could produce the fineſt flower of its kind. A tulip was the flower which was thought the fineſt the preceding year, and, conſequently, numbers of people afterwards endeavoured to procure tulip-roots, in hopes of obtaining the prize this year.

Arthur's tulip was beautiful. As he examined it from day to day, and every day thought it improving, he longed to thank his friend Maurice for it; and he often mounted into his crab-tree, to look into Maurice's garden, in hopes of ſeeing his tulip alſo in full bloom and beauty. He never could ſee it.

The day of the floriſt's feaſt arrived, and Oakly went with his ſon, and the fine tulip, to the place of meeting. It was on a ſpacious bowling-green. All the flowers, of various ſorts, were ranged upon a terrace at the upper end of the bowling-green; and, amongſt all this gay variety, the tulip which Maurice had given to Ar-

thur appeared conſpicuouſly beautiful. To the owner of this tulip the prize was adjudged; and, as the handſome garden-tools were delivered to Arthur, he heard a well-known voice wiſh him joy. He turned, looked about him, and ſaw his friend Maurice.

"But, Maurice, where is your own tulip?" ſaid Mr. Oakly, "I thought, Arthur, you told me, that he kept one for himſelf."

"So I did," ſaid Maurice; "but ſomebody (I ſuppoſe by accident) broke it."

"Somebody! who?" cried Arthur and Mr. Oakly at once.

"Somebody who threw the raſpberry-plants back again over the wall," replied Maurice.

"That was me—that ſomebody was me," ſaid Oakly. "I ſcorn to deny it; but I did not intend to break your tulip, Maurice."

"Dear Maurice," ſaid Arthur—"you know I may call him dear Maurice—now you are by papa—Here are all the garden-tools; take them, and welcome."

"Not one of them," ſaid Maurice, drawing back.

"Offer them to the father—offer them to Mr. Grant," whiſpered Oakly; "he'll take them, I'll anſwer for it."

Mr. Oakly was miſtaken: the father would not accept of the tools.

Mr. Oakly ſtood ſurpriſed—"Certainly," ſaid he to himſelf, "this cannot be ſuch a miſer as I took him for;" and he walked immediately up to Grant, and bluntly ſaid to him, "Mr. Grant, your ſon has behaved very handſome to my ſon; and you ſeem to be glad of it."

"To be ſure I am," ſaid Grant.

"Which," continued Oakly, "gives me a better opinion of you than ever I had before—I mean, than ever I had ſince the day you ſent me the ſhabby

anſwer about thoſe fooliſh, what d'ye call 'em, curſed raſpberries."

"What ſhabby anſwer?" ſaid Grant, with ſurpriſe; and Oakly repeated exactly the meſſage which he received; and Grant declared that he never ſent any ſuch meſſage. He repeated exactly the anſwer which he really ſent, and Oakly immediately ſtretched out his hand to him, ſaying, "I believe you: no more need be ſaid: I'm only ſorry I did not aſk you about this four months ago; and ſo I ſhould have done, if you had not been a Scotchman. Till now, I never rightly liked a Scotchman. We may thank this good little fellow," continued he, turning to Maurice, "for our coming at laſt to a right underſtanding: there was no holding out againſt his good-nature. I'm ſure, from the bottom of my heart, I'm ſorry I broke his tulip.—Shake hands, boys; I'm glad to ſee you, Arthur, look ſo happy again, and hope Mr. Grant will forgive——"

"O, forgive and forget," ſaid Grant and his ſon at the ſame moment; and from this time forward, the two families lived in friendſhip with each other.

Oakly laughed at his own folly, in having been perſuaded to go to law about the plum-tree; and he, in proceſs of time, ſo completely conquered his early prejudice againſt Scotchmen, that he and Grant became partners in buſineſs. Mr. Grant's book-*larning*, and knowledge of arithmetic, he found highly uſeful to him; and he, on his ſide, poſſeſſed a great many active, good qualities, which became ſerviceable to his partner.

The two boys rejoiced in this family union; and Arthur often declared, that they owed all their happineſs to Maurice's favourite maxim, "Forgive and forget."

END OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.

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